The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXVII NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 22, 1928 No. 3294

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 165
EDITORIALS:
Sacco-Vanzetti—A Call for Action 168
Mr. Hoover Accepts 169
Popular Long Poems 169
The Dying Daily 170
IT SEEMS TO HEYWOOD BROUN. By Heywood Broun 171
SACCO AND VANZETTI. By Gardner Jackson 172
FOR ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S DAY. By Malcolm Cowley 175
RAILROAD BUILDING AND LOCAL PRIDE. By C. K. Brown 176
A POLITICAL UTOPIA. By Frederic C. Howe 178
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 179
CORRESPONDENCE 180
BOOKS:
Man Does Not Ask for Much. By Stanley J. Kunitz 182
Deserted Barn. By Hal Saunders White 182
Elephant and Donkey. By William MacDonald 182
Lenin, Philosopher. By V. F. Calverton 182
Science and Music. By B. H. Haggin 183
A History of the League. By Karl F. Geiser 184
Matured Grace. By Helen Pearce 185
Books in Brief 187
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:
Soviet Health. By Mary Reed 188

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR
ASSOCIATE EDITORS
LEWIS S. GANNETT
DOROTHY GRAFFE VAN DOREN
ARTHUR WARNER JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH
MANAGING EDITOR FREDA KIRCHWEY
LITERARY EDITOR MARK VAN DOREN
CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
JOHN A. HOBSON LUDWIG LEWISOHN H. L. MENCKEN
NORMAN THOMAS HEYWOOD BROUN CARL VAN DOREN
DAVID BOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, $5.50; and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, $6.00

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: NATION, New York. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 13, Woburn Square, London, W. C. 1, England.

THE NATION is on file in most public and college libraries and is indexed in the *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature.*

WHO WON FIRST HONORS in the ninth Olympic Games which recently ended in Amsterdam? It was the German team. But our wager is that very, very few Americans would ever have guessed that result before the final summaries were printed—least of all those who followed the newspaper accounts cabled by the Associated Press. According to the final score the German team led with a total of 45½ points, the United States was second with 39, and Holland third with 34½. We confess that it was a complete surprise to us to learn that the athletes of a downtrodden and war-weakened nation had been so successful. We remember something like seventy news columns devoted to the Olympic Games, yet in all that space there was only a casual word here and there to indicate the progress of the Teutons. It must be admitted that the news of American athletes was far more interesting to an American public and should thus have been allotted the greater share of space; but surely that fact cannot justify a wholly distorted and inaccurate picture of the situation. Among those who should be particularly incensed with this record is Dr. Ernest Cherrington of the Anti-Saloon League, who issued a statement declaring:

> Stamina, reserve strength, sound hearts, steady nerves, all products of prohibition, played their parts in enabling the athletes from the United States to roll up a higher score in victories in the Olympic Games than was registered by representatives of nations handicapped by the liquor traffic.

The doctor, probably relying upon newspaper headlines, had overlooked Germany in first place, Holland in third, and Italy in fourth!

FROM ENGLAND comes by every mail news of the interest in the Kellogg treaties. They are hailed as ushering in a new era. Mass meetings of approval are the order of the day, and so emphatic is the popular indorsement of the proposal that it is plain that no party could stand out against it. The demonstrations are in marked contrast to the apathy in this country—an apathy which will, we trust, be ended when the campaign is over and Congress meets again. Still it is most encouraging that in both countries public opinion has driven the politicians ahead. It is an open secret that Mr. Kellogg stumbled into this proposal for outlawry of war without realizing how far-reaching it might be, and was then compelled to see it through. In Germany sentiment was from the beginning unanimous for it; in France, too, the politicians heard from the people and gradually became more and more aware of the merits of the proposal. In England there is considerable anger at what the London *Nation* calls the "revelation of the low standard of international conduct which still prevails in the Cabinets and Foreign Offices of France and Britain" as evidenced by their claiming "for each nation the right to be sole judge of its own course." Our London contemporary admits that the moral effect of the pact has been weakened by the various interpretations, explanations, and reservations, but it declares that "it remains a clear and simple pledge of good behavior."

THAT IS PRECISELY what it is, no more, no less. Like every other treaty it can be made a scrap of paper whenever the country that has signed its name to it desires to violate it. But behind it will be a remarkably strong world opinion, as is evidenced by the popular excitement in Europe and by the belief of many of the most ardent champions of peace that it means the dawning of a new era in human relations. We are not so optimistic as this, as our readers are aware, because of Mr. Kellogg's acceptance of the doctrine that his pact does not forbid a defensive war, and, as history shows, no nation on earth will admit that it has ever waged anything else than defensive war. We profoundly regret, too, Mr. Coolidge's statement to the press that these treaties will have no bearing whatsoever on the question of armaments and will in no wise carry with them a release from the dreadful burden that all the nations are carrying. This, to his shame, is echoed directly and specifically by Mr. Hoover in his speech of acceptance. He states that armaments remain the only safeguard of our liberty, though he boasts that the United States welcomes heartily all agreements for peace. Well, what is this Kellogg pact but the nations giving their word to one another that they will never again resort to war? If they are not to be trusted, if this is not, as the London *Nation* says, "a clear and simple pledge of good behavior," what is the use of making it? Once having made it why should the United States not take the noble and inspiring stand of showing its

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

faith by beginning to disarm of its own accord? P. W. Wilson has just shown in the New York *Times* that the cost of armies and navies is now $3,500,000,000 a year, that there are 5,500,000 soldiers under arms, costing every human being $2 a year, and that there are still 5,047,300 tons of warships afloat.

BY HIS DEATH at the hands of an assassin, Stefan Radich, the Croatian Peasant leader, may be able to win more benefits for his followers than his years of agitation have yet achieved. The tragic event in which two other Peasant deputies were killed and several more were wounded has served to sober rather than inflame the Jugoslav nation. From the beginning the attitude of the Government has been conciliatory—doubtless from fear of dangerous national and international consequences—and King Alexander has done more than show his sympathy and concern. While Radich lay in the hospital the King visited him twice a day, and at the same time carried on long personal conferences with Pribichevich, one of Radich's most important associates. It is obvious that both the Government and the King want peace. How much they will be willing to yield in order to maintain it is yet to be seen. Parliament has just placed the seal of its approval upon the Nettuno treaty with Italy—which Radich bitterly opposed—giving Mussolini wide colonization rights on the Dalmatian coast. On the other hand, the King will certainly urge a greater measure of autonomy for Croatia and concessions to the Peasant Party, and it is probable that the Government will not dare refuse them in spite of strong Nationalist opposition. The Peasant Party, meanwhile, has followed the advice of its leaders, including Radich himself, and has refrained from further riots. The funeral of their adored leader was attended by more than 200,000 peasants from all parts of the kingdom. There was mourning and many tears but no hint of violence or disorder. The Peasant Party properly refused to allow the Government to arrange their leader's funeral or send representatives. But the King's delegate and his offering of flowers were accepted, and nothing occurred which could hamper the efforts of the Peasant leaders to wring concessions from a fearful Government.

THE INSTITUTE OF POLITICS at Williamstown, Massachusetts, and the Institute of Public Affairs at the University of Virginia can neither of them be charged with an aloof or academic spirit in their discussions this year. Current events have occupied the sessions at both places to a high degree, although, of course, the tendency of the newspapers to report such discussions most fully probably gives a somewhat distorted notion of the program as a whole. The American policy in Nicaragua, about which Mr. Hoover was sedulously silent in his speech of acceptance, has been under attack in both places. At Williamstown, Royal Meeker, formerly head of the federal Bureau of Labor Statistics and later attached to the International Labor Office of the League of Nations, made no bones of putting at least some of the responsibility for our present intervention in Nicaragua directly upon American banking interests. The meetings both at Williamstown and Charlottesville have showed a commendable interest in the plight of the farmer, but the suggestions put forward have not been much more helpful than the planks on the subject in the Republican and Democratic platforms.

AT THIS WRITING it is not clear whether Governor Smith will persist in his proposal to subject his entire conduct in office to a catechizing by the Rev. John Roach Straton in Calvary Baptist Church in New York City. His offer to do so was a brave and generous act quite unprecedented in an American Presidential campaign. From the first we regretted, however, that he thereby dignified a man whom we consider a pulpit mountebank, one of the clergymen who degrade the church and sink it to a level where it is but one degree above voodooism and idol worship. We cannot believe that Mr. Straton has the respect of the clergy or of the intelligent public. He is a sensationalist who lives and has his being in press notoriety. Already he has begun to weaken. First he demanded that the debate be held in Madison Square Garden, and then, when the Governor refused, that there should be two debates, one in Calvary and a second in St. Patrick's Cathedral. It is a pity that Mr. Straton cannot be made to feel that his declaration that Governor Smith is the greatest enemy to moral progress in America merits the contempt of all decent-minded men and women whatever their politics.

THERE WAS A DROP in immigration to the United States for the year ended with last June by comparison with the inflow for 1927. Last year's arrivals numbered 500,631 aliens, of whom 307,255 were immigrants and 193,376 non-immigrants. For 1927 the figures were 335,175 immigrants and 202,826 non-immigrants. Thus the chief decline among arrivals last year was in the immigrant class, the only group that bears a relation to the permanent population of the country. The two countries sending us the largest number of immigrants were Canada, with 73,154, and Mexico, with 59,016. Neither of these countries falls within the quota restrictions. Germany, which does, sent us 45,778 immigrants, while there were 38,193 of Irish stock, 33,597 of English, 23,177 of Scotch, 18,740 of Italian, 18,644 of Scandinavian, and 17,963 of French. Thus the aim of the framers of our present immigration policy—a stock primarily from the North European races—is in process of realization, although there are political and economic causes to account for it as well as our statutes. Mussolini, for instance, is discouraging Italian emigration and we have the spectacle—curious when one recalls past figures—of nearly as many immigrants from France as from Italy.

WHILE GREAT BRITAIN sends 10,000 unemployed workers to the Canadian harvest fields at public expense, our Government continues its indifference to the problem of surplus labor. We have no national system of employment exchanges and no adequate statistics concerning the hundreds of thousands of surplus miners and other workers who have been forced out of factories by planless industrial development or by labor-saving machinery. Britain was forced to try subsidized emigration on a national scale as a solution of the problem. Our men's clothing industry, which has been for many years an inspiring social pioneer, is now experimenting with a new method of subsidized emigration to other industries. Several large clothing plants have cooperated with the Amalgamated Clothing Workers in paying surplus workers to leave the industry. In the factories of Hart Schaffner and Marx 150 cutters were paid $500 each to leave their place in the trade. Of the total payment $25,000 came from the firm and the balance from the union and the cutters' share of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the unemployment insurance fund in Chicago. Recently the firm of Arthur Nash and Company in Cincinnati found that there were too many cutters in its factories. Ten cutters volunteered to leave the trade and $300 was given to each by the firm. If these cutters had remained at work, all of the cutters of the firm would have been unemployed a part of each week because the rule of the company and of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers is that work in slack seasons must be equally distributed among the workers in a section. Now all of the cutters who remain in the Nash plants have a chance at a full day's work. The new practice is especially significant because it recognizes property rights of the worker in his job.

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS is under attack again in the injunction forbidding further publication of the *Saturday Press* of Minneapolis. The injunction was obtained by the Hennepin County Attorney, who had been condemned by the newspaper, the official acting under authority of a law passed in Minnesota in 1925. This statute—the first of its kind in the United States—provides that the courts may enjoin the future publication of any newspaper deemed to be "malicious, scandalous, and defamatory." As the Los Angeles *Record* puts it:

> When a judge can enjoin the further publication of a paper whose views he does not like, the freedom of the press will have gone the way of a Pennsylvania miner's freedom to unionize and to strike. . . .
>
> Should such a law stand it is evident that the courts would at once become censors of all papers. What is "malicious, scandalous, and defamatory" is a matter of opinion. If a judge is a friend of a powerful politician or official who is attacked by a paper for corruption or incompetence, the judge could at once conclude that the material in the paper is "malicious, scandalous, and defamatory" and order the paper closed overnight.

Heretofore it has been possible to proceed against an editor civilly or criminally for libelous or other illegal matter in his newspaper's columns, and the Post Office Department has excluded single issues from the mails, but it has not been lawful to suppress any periodical continuously. In spite of a decision by the Supreme Court of Minnesota upholding the law, we believe it to be clearly in violation of the federal Constitution and we thank the American Civil Liberties Union for taking an appeal to the United States Supreme Court.

SUMMER SCHOOLS may suffer all the defects outlined by Lorine Pruette in her article in *The Nation* for July 25. They may, as she suggests, encourage slack methods of teaching and marking and the laborious accumulation of academic credits by ill-qualified students who attend summer sessions under compulsion. But an instance of summer-school stupidity has recently come to our attention which indicates a more serious defect: an unwillingness to accept as a student a person preeminently qualified who had not met certain technical requirements. Last spring Ada L. Liveright applied for admission to this year's summer session at Columbia University, selecting certain specific courses in library work. She gave her record as follows:

> I am a graduate of the Drexel Institute Library School and attended the summer sessions of the Columbia University Library School in 1914. I conducted the first course in book-selling and library methods in the Philadelphia evening high schools in 1914-1915. I am librarian of the Pedagogical Library, chairman of the school-library group composed of librarians of junior and senior high schools of the Philadelphia public-school system, and am also in charge of visual instruction for the Philadelphia public schools.

After long delay she received a letter stating that she was ineligible for the course she had selected because she was not a candidate for the master's degree and had not completed the general first-year course in an "accredited library school." The Drexel Institute Library School from which she graduated in 1897 was not at that time "accredited," because no library schools were. She was offered, instead of the work she wanted, a selection of elementary courses such as she herself had taught. She declined this opportunity and, finally, her application was denied.

AS THE NEW LITERARY SEASON gets under way, announcement is made of three changes in the list of American publishers. One entirely new firm comes into existence under the name of Coward-McCann. The firm of Macy-Masius has merged with the Vanguard Press. And Pascal Covici, who formerly published in Chicago and represented there the left wing of literature, has come to New York where he will throw in his lot with Donald Friede, once an associate with Horace Liveright in the firm of Boni and Liveright (now, incidentally, just Horace Liveright). The situation is by no means an odd one; every year for the past ten years there have been changes of this sort in a publishing world distinguished throughout by its vigor and its enterprise. But we may be glad that such signs of vitality continue to show themselves, and all who are interested in American books will wish these three new establishments well.

TELEVISION BY RADIO, gas bullets that can be fired around corners, practical color cameras, three kinds of talking motion pictures, automatic repairing machines for silk stockings—we are dizzy with the multitude and variety of inventions that have been announced in the last few weeks. The summer of 1928 should be remembered in history as a continuous spasm of progress. The surprising thing about most of these inventions is the anonymity of the inventors. We remember Stephenson and Morse and Bell; our children will see their pictures in the school-books for many generations. But what name emerges from the brilliant summer of 1928 as immortal? The average American could not mention a single name as associated with any of the recent great inventions. Yes, perhaps he could mention one name, that of George Eastman in connection with the color camera. But who invented the color camera? Not Mr. Eastman or even the able head of his research laboratories, Dr. C. E. Kenneth Mees. The inventor was a man who spent ten years in the Eastman laboratories studying color photography. His name is John G. Capstaff. Three cheers for Capstaff! We would like to see Capstaff cigarettes, and pictures of Capstaff blindfolded selecting Old Gold, and babies named Capstaff Jones, and yachts christened Lady Capstaff by pretty girls. This laboratory method of invention may be efficient, and we presume that Mr. Eastman gave Mr. Capstaff a handsome check for his genius, but the human throat was made to cheer heroes. And we suspect that even Mr. Capstaff would appreciate an ounce of immortality more than a ton of pay-checks.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sacco-Vanzetti—A Call for Action

NICOLA SACCO and Bartolomeo Vanzetti were put to death by the State of Massachusetts in the early minutes of August 23 a year ago. In the time that has intervened there has been no chance for a realignment of public opinion. Few persons had studied the case personally up to the time that the "good shoemaker" and the "poor peddler" were executed last summer, and it is safe to guess almost none have done so since. In this country the case was closed and execution became certain when Governor Fuller's unofficial committee of three decided against the men. Thereafter "respectable" journals and individuals, with a few brave exceptions, insisted that discussion was over. It became irregular and therefore un-American—if not practically treasonable—to question any longer the justice of the Massachusetts courts. The issue of human life was lost in a panic of fear and bitterness lest the political and property system of the country be jarred. As the American correspondent of the London *Daily News* cabled at the eleventh hour to his newspaper, public opinion in the United States had taken the position that it was better that Sacco and Vanzetti should die than that "anarchists and immigrants should get encouragement to attack the political basis on which prosperity rests."

It would be useless at this time to reopen the argument on the guilt or innocence of Sacco and Vanzetti. *The Nation* said last summer that the best work which those who, like it, believed that a great injustice had been done was to collect and preserve the record in the most adequate and complete way possible so that the verdict of history—which all must await—might be an informed one. We are glad to say at this time that such efforts are already under way and promise soon to reach a successful conclusion. A lawyer's committee has undertaken to print complete a transcript of the evidence at the trial and the court record of the various appeals. The first of six volumes containing this material has already been published by Henry Holt and Company and was the subject of editorial comment in our issue of July 25.

In Boston the Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee, which almost from the first led the fight to obtain a second trial for the two Italians, has centered its attention for the past year chiefly on the highly worth-while task of collecting and editing the more important letters and statements of Sacco and Vanzetti. This material, which will provide the best permanent key to the character and ideas of the men, will be ready for publication some time in the coming winter. Equally important is the task undertaken by the Sacco-Vanzetti National League whose headquarters is in New York City. Realizing the decisive nature of the report of the Lowell Committee in closing the debate and sending Sacco and Vanzetti finally to their death, the league is trying to surround that report with as much light as possible for the guidance of future students. A book is under way, probably to be published next winter, detailing all the circumstances known in connection with the work of the committee and containing authoritative studies of the report from legal, psychological, and other points of view.

In fact only one important activity begun after the tragedy last summer has failed—presumably because it fell among politicians. Probably the aspect of the case which to most people seemed especially unjust was that in the entire six years that intervened between their trial and their execution, and in spite of the appeals to various courts, Sacco and Vanzetti were never able to obtain a reexamination of the evidence upon which the jury convicted them of murder. All appeals had to be based on errors of law. A reexamination of the evidence was possible only through a new trial to be obtained by order of the judge who had presided at the first one. The obstinacy and prejudice of Judge Webster Thayer in refusing a new trial sent the prisoners to the electric chair without ever a chance for a reinvestigation of a chain of testimony, some of which was outrageous nonsense and all of which was passed upon in the hysterical year of 1921 by a jury hot with passion against foreigners and cold with fear of radicals. After the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti Governor Fuller himself recommended amendment of the Massachusetts law so that in capital cases the right of appeal should carry with it the power to reexamine the evidence as well as the legal procedure. A bill was drawn which in this respect would have placed Massachusetts beside New York, but it was allowed to die.

And now what of the future? We have every reason to be pleased with the work begun during the past year, and promising a speedy and successful conclusion in the near future. But to what task shall those who gather in spirit or in person at the various Sacco-Vanzetti meetings on August 23 (see page 180 of this issue) address themselves? We suggest that there could be no finer or more practical tribute to the memories of Sacco and Vanzetti than for their friends and sympathizers to organize and begin a powerful campaign for the release of two groups of political prisoners both of which were put behind the bars before the arrest of the Massachusetts Italians and remain there today, although upon evidence equally flimsy and shattered. We refer to Mooney and Billings, in prison now for twelve years, and the Centralia victims, in jail for nine. We rehearsed the history of both of these cases in the editorial pages of our issue of April 11 and would like to see the Sacco-Vanzetti meetings of this month face the facts as free men should. The conviction of Mooney and Billings has been entirely discredited, as based upon perjured evidence, and was later repudiated by the judge who presided at the trial, the jurors, the detective sergeant who procured the State's witnesses, the Attorney General, and the successor to Charles M. Fickert as District Attorney. At least five of the jurors in the Centralia case have since signed affidavits indicating that they do not believe the men to have been guilty of murder.

The reason why all these prisoners are still wasting away their lives in jail is that no national organization is any longer fighting for their release. Mooney and Billings are dependent upon the efforts of the old-line labor organizations of California, which are at most only lukewarm in their behalf. The Centralia prisoners have only a local committee, practically without funds, to press for their release. Why should not Sacco-Vanzetti sympathizers take hold of the fight for these last two groups of political prisoners, and win it before another year?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. Hoover Accepts

AS a bit of self-revelation Mr. Hoover's speech of acceptance is highly successful. It paints him just as he is—his ambitions, his desires, his limitations, his absence of true vision except as to material things. Though it is by no means a masterly presentation, the sentences and arguments move and there are passages that have power, as when Mr. Hoover portrays the joyous America he thinks this country is and the ideal of prosperity—of a country with poverty abolished—that he has for it. But for the rest it is the same old Republican stuff. The Hoover who came back from Europe in 1919 on fire with the Wilsonian doctrines; who in 1918 begged his fellow-countrymen to vote in a Democratic House; who wanted a new world through the League of Nations and a new brotherhood to rescue humanity from the abyss at the edge of which it stood is now finally dead and buried. So far as the sentiments go, a Willis, a Curtis, or even a Smoot, might have voiced them, or any other Republican hack. No one can doubt now Hoover's regularity, or his party subservience. Republican smugness, self-complacency, self-satisfaction, self-righteousness appear in every line.

He is not merely content with praising the Harding and Coolidge administrations to the skies and claiming far more than can in honesty be asked for them. He credits the Republican Party with all the progress that science and invention and modern business have made for the country in the last ten years. He is lost in admiration of our radios and our automobiles and what electricity has done for the housewife. The average reader must believe, as he is carried along by Mr. Hoover's enthusiasm for the material blessings that have descended upon us, that his party and his party alone is responsible for every electric washing machine and vacuum cleaner that have been placed in American homes since the election of Warren Harding. There you have the real heart and the real passion of Herbert Hoover. He is on fire to improve the material condition of every American. He wants increased opportunity for every American; he dwells upon lately won opportunities and upon the American equality of opportunity—for which in one amusing passage he bestows the credit equally upon Calvin Coolidge, Abraham Lincoln, and the Sherman Anti-Trust Law. He wants to help the farmer and is willing to spend hundreds of millions of dollars in the forlorn hope of rebuilding our interior canal and river systems so as to make them competitors of the railroads. As for prohibition, he is as mealy-mouthed as the average politician. He repeats that it is a great social experiment and declares that the Constitution cannot be nullified, and yet gives no positive assurance that he will end the rule of politics and favoritism and corruption in the enforcement of prohibition, of which he has been a close-range eyewitness ever since he entered the Cabinet. In other words, this is the plea of a mining engineer turned politician. It is not the product of a statesman of first rank.

Speaking of corruption, Mr. Hoover denounces it in the usual glittering generalities and scolds the people for their indifference to it. But as he highly lauds the Harding and Coolidge administrations, and never once refers to the dastardly record of the former, we cannot believe that this is anything more than the usual braying of the politician in search of votes. As for protection, he has gone the whole hog. He indorses the utter selfishness of this policy, while exalting the unselfishness of the United States. He applauds the reactionary conservatism of our own labor leaders and shows once more all the bitterness against Socialists and other would-be reformers that have marked his attitude since he returned from Europe. He lays the responsibility for all the ills of Europe not upon the capitalist governments which put Europe into the war, but upon the Socialist governments which kept it from collapsing after hostilities were over. Finally he declares: "With impressive proof on all sides of magnificent progress no one can rightly deny the fundamental correctness of our economic system." Let us be among the first to reply that in our judgment our magnificent industrial progress proves nothing of the kind.

We see not one word in this speech to make us change our attitude of complete opposition to the election of Herbert Hoover to the Presidency. No amount of rejoicing in our material welfare or of further economic favors could make us support a man who enthusiastically indorses the Administration of Calvin Coolidge, declares that "he has left an imprint of rectitude and statesmanship upon the history of our country," and says that he will chart his course upon that of his chief. Nor will *The Nation* ever by as much as one word aid the candidacy of this renegade Quaker who, while saying that he is possessed of a deep passion for peace, also declares for great armaments and asserts "that in an armed world there is only one certain guaranty of freedom—and that is preparedness of defense." Those were precisely the words of the Kaiser before the war, voiced with equal earnestness and equal sincerity.

Popular Long Poems

THE issue of Edwin Arlington Robinson's "Tristram," by the Literary Guild last year, is followed now by the appearance, under the auspices of the Book-of-the-Month Club, of Stephen Vincent Benét's still longer poem, "John Brown's Body."* The result should be a feeling of satisfaction among all those who have the future of poetry at heart. For it has been true at all times that the position of poetry in the world of literature depended upon the possibility of long poems being written and finding audiences. Now here are two extended narrative poems, one of quite extraordinary length; and large audiences have been found for them. "Tristram" had an enormous sale for poetry, and all signs indicate that "John Brown's Body" will go even farther. Such a situation must encourage those who were on the point of giving poetry up as something which would never give more than subtle and fugitive variations on the old lyric or elegiac or reflective themes.

The question remains, of course, how good these poems are—or rather, since "Tristram" was generally accepted with enthusiasm by the critics, how good "John Brown's Body" is. The answer is not a simple one to make. Open Mr. Benét's book and you are likely to come upon such a passage as this:

> Brown did not know at first that the man dead
> By the sword he thought of so often as Gideon's sword

* Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Was one of the race he had drawn that sword to free.
It had been dark on the bridge. A man had come
And had not halted when ordered.

Or this:

Neat, handsome McClellan,
Ex-railroad president, too, but a better railroad;
The fortunate youth, the highly-modern boy-wonder,
The snapping-eyed, brisk banner-salesman of war
With all the salesman's gifts and the salesman's ego;
Great organizer, with that magnetic spark
That pulls the heart from the crowd—and all of it spoiled
By the Napoleon-complex that haunts such men.
There never has been a young banner-salesman yet
That did not dream of a certain little cocked-hat
And feel it fit. McClellan felt that it fitted.

Having read so much, you will not be likely to think that you have opened a volume of poetry distinguished by excellence of any kind. There is a great deal of this stuff, stuff which is not even good prose. There is also a shameless disregard at times of the rule that in a work of literary art the documents should be disguised. Mr. Benét, working with books in France as a Guggenheim Fellow, dug up facts which seemed to him pertinent or picturesque and threw them headlong into the stream of his verse. They usually stick out and bother the reader. Then there are many evidences of haste and slovenliness in the workmanship; merely as narrative the book is loose-jointed, with much thrown in that one cannot remember after the page is turned.

Yet it would be unfair to judge such a work as "John Brown's Body" by random passages or by isolated faults. Read straight through, the poem yields a secret which might not be guessed otherwise. The secret is that Mr. Benét was not writing a pretty poem. The prose of the piece is quite intentional, the roughness planned. His idea was, probably, to produce a whole that would be impressive as history, as panorama, as picture; and he knew very well that toward this end it would not do to polish every line too carefully as he went along. That would have made a book more beautiful in each of its parts but one less strong and interesting, certainly, in its ensemble. He designed—and executed—a swift, nervous, rather sprawling epic which should contain within itself the smell of civil war, the confusion of a people in despair, the miscellaneity of a continent upheaved. Judged as such, "John Brown's Body" must be considered in general a success; and in particular there are many fine passages—the death of Stonewall Jackson, the preparation for Gettysburg—along with several appealing characters: Melora, Joe Vilas, Sally Dupre, and Lucy Weatherby. The rhythms, which vary according to the poet's purpose from indolent blank verse to highly syncopated jingle, are the work of a practiced hand; while the language, ranging as it does from sober English to the most pungent American, is such as might have been expected from Mr. Benét's exciting pen.

There could scarcely be a greater difference between two contemporary poems than appears now between "Tristram"—so measured, so melodious—and "John Brown's Body"—so unkempt, so harsh in its dissonances. But that is of course all the more reason for rejoicing. Variety and vitality go hand in hand, and it is pleasant to speculate that when the next long poem comes along it may deal neither with an old-world love story nor with the events of American history but with—whatever the author has been urged to treat.

The Dying Daily

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER, reporting for the first six months of 1928, shows only 401 morning dailies and 1,531 evening journals in the United States. Ten morning papers have disappeared since January and 24 during the past year and a half, during which latter period 45 evening newspapers have ceased publication. The deaths in the evening field since the beginning of 1928 number seven. *Editor and Publisher* continues its survey in these words:

> Sunday papers, now numbering 516, are 10 less than at the beginning of 1928 and 29 less than at the beginning of 1927. If the rate of decrease for the first six months is maintained during the next six, the total decrease for 1928 will not be much less than for 1927, and may indeed exceed it. No similar period since the armistice has seen the death of so many newspapers. While there has been an apparent decline during the past six months in the number of papers purchased for operation as going concerns, there is no slackening of the movement to reduce the number of papers in cities and towns held by current trade beliefs to be "overnewspapered."

Editor and Publisher now admits that there is a distinct and powerful movement toward the creation of a journalistic monopoly in each town or city. Its statistics show that there are already 937 cities in which there is only one newspaper as against 414 that have more than one daily. Out of 89 cities in California only 26 have more than one journal; out of 77 in Illinois only 13 have more than one daily. In New York there are 48 one-newspaper cities to 24 of the other group. Incidentally, it is interesting to note that there are now only 6 cities having dailies in Nevada, 5 in New Mexico, 6 in Rhode Island, 4 in Utah, 8 in Vermont, 5 in Wyoming, 8 in New Hampshire, 7 in Maryland, 7 in Maine, 10 in Arizona, 9 in Idaho, and 10 in South Carolina. There are numerous other States in which it would be a simple thing for a rich man to buy up every daily. Lest anyone believe that the one-newspaper cities are very small towns, it is a fact that 152 of them have more than 20,000 population. Even in Ohio there are 56 cities that have only one newspaper each and only 30 that have more than one newspaper. The only large cities now served by more than two morning newspapers are New York, Philadelphia, Los Angeles, and Boston. Chicago, San Francisco, New Orleans, Denver, Omaha, Kansas City, Washington, Cincinnati, and Springfield, Massachusetts, get on with two morning journals apiece. What becomes in the other cities of the old theory that our two-party system of government requires the exposition of the rival Democratic and Republican doctrines in every community?

It must be remembered that our 1,932 daily newspapers are supposed to bring all the news to a population now estimated to approximate 118,000,000 of people. In this connection *Editor and Publisher* reports that despite the decrease in the total number of dailies the remaining newspapers had a total circulation of 38,623,709 net paid copies, the highest on record. Sunday circulations total nearly 26,000,000. Curiously enough, morning circulations gained while evening circulations practically stood still, gaining only one-half of 1 per cent. As a result of the upward tendency advertising rates have generally tended toward an increase.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It Seems to Heywood Broun

AT the end of a year it is well to remember again the case of Sacco and Vanzetti. We should remember, for it was the chief wish of Massachusetts that they should be forgotten. Indeed the people of Boston rejoiced after the execution because they felt that this was the last phase of the issue. And just what was the issue? The event is not yet sufficiently removed to make fair-minded judgment easy. Nor am I peculiarly qualified to act as commentator, since the trial moved me to more bitterness than I had ever felt before. Of that I'm not ashamed. The good men in the community were very fond of saying, "Let's withhold judgment. Let us ponder." And while they pondered the good shoemaker and the poor fish peddler went to the death chamber.

There was no way to save them, but it is not useless even now to review the circumstances of the case again to the end that no others shall be killed in this same mood. My own bitterness is not less after a year but somewhat more diffused. It no longer seems to me that the injustice done may fairly be blamed upon the State of Massachusetts singled out from all the rest. The old Bay State has become a backward American community which stifles thought and digs its toes into dead dust. Opinion is not free in Massachusetts, and no one looks in that direction expecting to find new things. And there the older verities have come to be perverted. Still Massachusetts is not alone in this decadence. There are scores of American communities in which Sacco and Vanzetti might have been killed with just as much good-will.

My respect does not go out to Lowell, Grant, and Stratton. And yet after a year I do not think of them as singular, arch-villains. It is never difficult to get men of distinguished name to lend respectability to violence done within the letter of the law. No rebel would care to pin his hope of justice upon the fairness of the average college president. Even the so-called liberals in the field of education are not safe men to lean against. It was Hopkins of Dartmouth, for instance, who joined in an obscene tribute of applause to Thayer at a college banquet after the death of Sacco and Vanzetti.

It is a familiar device in argumentation to announce that you do not question the other man's motives. William Allen White prefaced one of his most violent attacks upon Al Smith with this remark. Such concessions are silly. If you disagree with your opponent's findings you must inevitably distrust his motives. The motives of Lowell and Stratton and Grant were not admirable at all. It was the keen desire of each one in the trio to uphold the judgment of the courts of Massachusetts. Each one had some stake in government as administered in that commonwealth. To clear the prisoners would have been difficult for the advisory committee. To sustain the conviction was much more easy. Every individual likes to believe the thing which is easy to believe.

To some extent Lowell and Stratton and Grant may have succeeded in deluding themselves into accepting the judgment which they rendered as fair and honest. That is a problem for the Freudians. It seems to me that now and then uneasy dreams must come to all these men. Whenever there was a discrepancy in testimony the committee invariably chose to believe the story told by a prosecuting witness. Many of their conclusions seemed at variance with the most simple sort of logic. But if Lowell and Stratton and Grant had not assumed the burden of saving face for Massachusetts many others just as respectable would have performed the task in just the same way.

And even so I cannot see the issue as a straight fight between the proletariat and the forces of intrenched capitalism. All the problems of the world become simple when viewed according to the communistic philosophy or even from the viewpoint of an orthodox Socialist. It seems to me that the state of mind in Massachusetts which made the convictions possible was complicated by many factors. There was, of course, the war. The bitterness against pacifism had much to do in prejudicing the jury against Sacco and Vanzetti. To be sure some will tell me that war is a phenomenon depending for survival on the capitalistic system. That I doubt. The emergence of Russia under the soviets has by no means brought world peace nearer to accomplishment. Of course I know that the Russian proletariat will only fight in self-defense or wage some conflict to end all wars, but somehow those explanations ring upon my ears familiarly.

My own opinion is that the heaviest charge brought against Sacco and Vanzetti was the fact that they were foreigners. This has become a high crime and misdemeanor in America within the last ten or twenty years. Even a man of passable intelligence like William Allen White can fly into flame against Al Smith because he threatens, in White's eyes, the Puritan civilization which is America. Sacco and Vanzetti also threatened that particular culture in this country. I am not contending, of course, that a man of White's caliber would have rushed about the town of Boston shouting for an execution. My point is that it is easy to understand how men of lesser wisdom could become frantic on the issue of the foreigner since even White is not immune to it.

Remember, please, that the commotion against the Italian agitators was not confined to any single class in Massachusetts. Motormen on street cars spoke as bitterly about the prisoners as did the bankers of State Street. The trial and the condemnation were not carried on by any minority in Massachusetts. A majority supported the verdict. It is true that the greater part of this group had read little or nothing of the testimony. It was enough for them that two Italians had dared to preach the overthrow of the American system of government. Usually that is not considered a very grave crime. Except in time of war the citizen of American birth may speak his mind out freely about the system under which we live. But even the slightest criticism from a foreigner will cause a frenzy.

Why does America hate the foreigner so profoundly? I think it is because we have wronged him so much. He has become through tariffs and war debts an economic slave bound to this country. And when a slave begins to speak his mouth must be shut at once for fear of what he is about to say. He knows too much.

HEYWOOD BROUN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sacco and Vanzetti

By GARDNER JACKSON

TWO "anarchistic bastards." That gutter phrase, coined and freely distributed by Judge Webster Thayer of Massachusetts as the complete description of Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti, epitomizes the conception of the two men held by all but an insignificant minority of the American people. Its succinct expression of fear and hatred is not lost in its obscenity. Even liberals and other apparently fair-minded persons have been willing to apply scornful phrases to the two men who were killed for the cause of justice in America. Thus, from the comfortable remoteness of his Editor's Easy Chair in *Harpers Magazine*, E. S. Martin disposed of them in the following words:

> Sacco and Vanzetti seem to have come to represent the fight of the big forwards party all over the world against the established order. It is extraordinary that they should, for they are not edifying characters, but quite the contrary. They look to be a couple of scamps.

Mr. Martin, reputed to be a benign and astute liberal, admitted that he did not know whether or not the two men were guilty. Where, then, did he derive the data on which to base his patronizing dismissal of them as individuals?

I went into the Sacco-Vanzetti case knowing nothing about the two men personally and practically nothing about anarchism. I went into it because I had heard more than enough while a reporter on the Boston *Globe* to convince me that a gross miscarriage of justice was threatening Sacco and Vanzetti with death. I came out of the case knowing somewhat more about anarchism and deeply thankful for the brief period of friendship allowed me with Sacco and Vanzetti.

I am not an Anarchist. I am not a Socialist or a Communist. When I write of Sacco and Vanzetti it is simply as a human being interested in other human beings and their ideas. An Anarchist ought to write a study of the men's philosophy. All I can hope to set down is a personal appreciation of two "shining spirits"—as Heywood Broun called them—based upon numerous visits with them and a reading of many of their letters.

I believe not only that they were innocent of the crime for which they were killed, but that they meticulously lived up to the rigid code of their anarchist philosophy. Their letters and courtroom utterances—which are being prepared for publication—and Vanzetti's last interview with Mr. William G. Thompson shortly before death, together with their words and bearing when they took their places in the electric chair, reveal the fine and strong texture of their spirits.

Nicola Sacco

Nicola Sacco had faith in human perfectibility, which is why H. L. Mencken called him a "mush-head." He also had the will to practice his faith in all its strict absolutism.

"Stop talking, Nick, till this time of anti-radical excitement is past!" urged George Kelly, superintendent of the Three K. Shoe Factory at Stoughton, Massachusetts, where Sacco was then working (early in 1920). Sacco replied, "Oh, George, it's my heart that talks." Earning $22.50 a day soon after this country entered the war, Sacco was ordered by his employer to invest in a Liberty bond. "I don't believe in war and I don't let anyone tell me how I spend my wages," he remarked as he walked out of the job.

Sacco was a passionate lover of life, particularly of nature. He arrived at his beliefs not by way of print and formalized logic, but by the instinctive reaction of his sensitive being to its environment.

He was never bitter or vindictive. After the sentence was pronounced on April 10, 1927, his certainty that "all efforts on his behalf . . . would be useless because no capitalistic society could afford to accord him justice" crystallized into a flat refusal to have further dealings with the authorities on his own case. This was an issue of vehement dispute between him and his high-minded, conservative counsel, W. G. Thompson. A final exchange over his refusal to discuss his case with Governor Fuller did cause Sacco to write his wife advising her not to follow Mr. Thompson's example of arguing for him before the authorities. It was far from a vindictive note. It simply stated a difference of opinion and went no further than classifying Mr. Thompson as "an old Mayflower." At his final interview with Mr. Thompson a few hours before the execution he was his usual cordial and positive self, without any trace of ill-feeling. "At this last meeting," writes Mr. Thompson in the February *Atlantic Monthly*, "he did not suggest that the result seemed to justify his view and not mine."

These conflicts of opinion between Sacco and those who called him names in their fierce desire to save his life are the keys to Sacco's character. His hunger strikes—one of 31 days in 1923 and one of 17 days shortly before the execution—were carried out on his own initiative over the protests of his friends. They were Sacco's only way of expressing his "despisement" of the system that held him in its torturing grasp. He was deeply appreciative of all his friends and counsel did for him, but he wished to make his protest in the manner he himself deemed most effective, even if it meant giving his life before the executioner took it.

Sacco came to this country in 1908 from tending his father's vineyards and vegetable- and flower-gardens near the town of Torremaggiore in the south of Italy. He was eighteen years old and was an ardent Italian republican. Within a year after he got his first job carrying water for a construction gang in Milford, Massachusetts, he had left republicanism for socialism. The American republic, he discovered, did not treat him and his fellow-workers with the open-heartedness he had been led to expect. The process of disillusion continued. He went through several strikes, worked on picket lines, and raised money for strike support by giving plays with his beautiful, Titian-haired wife, to whom he was married in 1912. Disappointed by the exploitation of their fellows which he found among union officials and strike leaders, he finally adopted anar-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

chism as the only philosophy which would satisfy his rigorous belief in the rights of the individual.

The intense joy he derived from his love of nature, from his garden, from his growing family, and from his memories of the family and vineyards and flowers in Italy kept him buoyed up through this period and through the ensuing seven and a half years of prison. There is scarcely a letter among the many he sent from Dedham jail during that long agony which does not rejoice in some aspect of nature, be it no more than the tops of a few trees and a small patch of blue sky he could see from his cell. His letters are also full of the happiness he had with his wife and children, the visits to jail of baby Inez, born after his arrest, and his memories of the days with his son, Dante, who was his "true comradeship."

Not all of Sacco's letters were thus wistfully cheerful. Denied the privilege of physical labor enjoyed by other prisoners, he tried to satisfy the crying demands of his spirit and body by doing regular exercises in his tiny cell. But he had lived by vigorous, outdoor work and this makeshift failed to keep him in good health. He suffered from indigestion. Then he would write: "Believe me, Mrs. Jack, I am very pessimist and frankly I am tired of these miserable life and I like to see one where or the other."

Generally, however, "this sad reclus," as he often spoke of himself in his letters, agreed with his aged mother that it was his nature to have the "smiling shine always on face" especially if he "work hard." Sacco referred continually in touching terms to his "dear mother" and found infinite comfort in the visits of Mrs. Elizabeth Glendower Evans because she reminded him of her.

Vanzetti, of course, came to know Sacco more intimately than anyone else. After he and Sacco had addressed Judge Webster Thayer on the day the sentence was pronounced, Vanzetti suddenly interrupted the dry, dooming voice of the court to ask Mr. Thompson if he could say something more. The court denied further utterance. Vanzetti wanted to speak of Sacco. The next day he gave us the notes of what he had wished to say. The following is an excerpt from those notes:

> Sacco, too, is a worker from his boyhood, a skilled worker and a lover of work, with a good job and pay; a bank account, a good and lovely wife, two beautiful children, and a neat little home at the verge of a wood near a brook. Sacco has a heart, a faith, a character; he is a man, a lover of nature and mankind. A man who gave all, who sacrificed all to the cause of liberty and to his love of mankind; money, rest, mundane ambitions, his own wife, his children, himself, and even his own life.
>
> Sacco has never dreamt of stealing, nor of assassination if he and I never brought a morsel of bread to our mouths, from our childhood to this very day. Never! His people also are in good position and of good reputation.
>
> Oh, yes, I may be more witful, as some have put it, I am a better babbler than he is, but many, many times in hearing his heartful voice ringing a faith sublime, in considering his supreme sacrifice, remembering his heroism, I felt small, small at the presence of his greatness and found myself compelled to fight back from my eyes the tears, and quench my heart troubling my throat to not weep before him—this man called thief and assassinator, and doomed.
>
> But Sacco's name will live in the hearts of the people and in their gratitude when Katzmann's and your bones, Judge Thayer, will be dispersed in time, when your name, his name, your laws, institutions, and your false gods are but a dim remembering of a cursed past in which man was wolf to man.

Is that estimate by Vanzetti solely the product of abnormal, emotional circumstances? If it is, then so are the estimates of Sacco given by his employers and fellow-workers—those with whom he came in close contact during the twelve years before his arrest with Vanzetti on May 5, 1920.

"A man who is in his garden at 4 o'clock in the morning, and at the factory at 7 o'clock, and in his garden again after supper and until nine and ten at night, carrying water and raising vegetables beyond his own needs to give to the poor, that man is not a 'holdup man!'" declared his employer, Mr. Kelly. And he added that Sacco used to bring him and his son vegetables and good Italian dishes cooked by Rosina. But this testimony was excluded by the Prosecutor Katzmann's clever maneuvering, together with the words of Mr. Kelly's son George: "There never was a better fellow than Nick Sacco, nor one with a kinder heart. He couldn't kill a chicken."

With Mary Donovan I checked up on Sacco's work record and presented the evidence before the Lowell committee. Everywhere we went—at the Hopedale machine shops and at the several shoe factories where he had worked—we met the same expressions of affectionate admiration from his former benchmates and foremen, cautiously given under pledge of anonymity lest those talking with us get into trouble in those last, insane days.

Mr. Kelly made Sacco night watchman in addition to his day duties: "I trusted him with all I had." In the security of his office far from the State House he told us of Sacco's learning the trade of edger at his factory school years before with money saved from off-hour jobs, of his becoming the most skilled edger Kelly had ever employed, and of his regular savings-account deposits which were the envy of the other workers in the factory.

"The day after the murder he's supposed to have done, Sacco was in his garden early as usual and was at his bench when the 7 o'clock whistle blew," said Mr. Kelly to us a few days before the execution. "His hand was as steady as it always had been and, you know, edging needs steady hands. The slightest slip ruins the shoe."

Sacco was not of studious bent. He was a man of action. His short, muscular body was vibrant with energy. He worked hard to master the English language, and made progress. His ideas were all-embracing and simple in their expression. Advising his fourteen-year-old son, Dante, not to cry, "because many tears have been wasted, as your mother's have been wasted for seven years, and never did any good," and telling him to be "strong instead" and to comfort his mother, Sacco wrote from the deathhouse four days before the execution:

> Take her for a long walk in the quiet country, gathering wild flowers here and there, resting under the shade of trees, between the harmony of the vivid stream and the gentle tranquillity of mother nature, and I am sure that she will enjoy this very much, as you surely would be happy for it.
>
> But remember always, Dante, in the play of happiness don't use all for yourself only, but down yourself just one step at your side and help the weak ones that cry for help—help the persecuted and the victim because they are your better friend, they are the comrades that fight and fall as your father and Bartolo fought and fell yesterday

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for the conquest of the joy and freedom for all the poor workers. In this struggle of life you will find more love and you will be loved.

And to Governor Fuller, who tried to induce Sacco in the last days to discuss his case by saying that he himself had once worked in a rubber-sole factory and hence knew the workers' viewpoint, Sacco said: "Yes, but since then you get money, and money make you think different."

"Good evening, gentlemen," he said as he sat in the electric chair watching the prison guards adjust the electrodes. "Long live anarchy! Farewell, my wife and child and all my friends. Farewell, mother."

Bartolomeo Vanzetti

Bartolomeo Vanzetti lived life with passionate attention of mind. It was not with him "plenty of eat, little of work—belly of mine become a hub," as he described the prospective condition in Italy of "the gray masses, unconscious and idea-less—too domesticated by their leaders." Neither was it "safety first, gradual conquest, historical fatalism, and fascista blackjack over all," as he further described the Italian people in a letter from his cell in the Massachusetts State Prison.

The electric chair, reaching its arms for him for seven years and a half, had just the reverse influence on Vanzetti of that exercised by the "fascista blackjack" on the gray masses in Italy. His spirit grew stouter and fatalism was ground deeper under the heel of his scorn while the years in State Prison went by, unfolding "worse things and stuff than those and that seen by Dante at the shore of hell. . . ."

At the close of the Dedham trial in the summer of 1921 one of the defense counsel saw a chance of Vanzetti's acquittal—"there was so little evidence against him, almost none in fact." "But I felt sure," he remarked after the trial, "that in that case Sacco would be found guilty. I thought there was a fighting chance the jury would disagree as to the two; but if they acquitted one, I knew enough of juries to feel sure they would soak the other. So I put the case to Vanzetti. 'What shall I do?' And he answered, 'Save Nick. He has the woman and child.'"

Vanzetti had none of the egotist's ruthless pride of mind. Neither did he have the self-righteous air of one who glories in personal martyrdom. "I am a living hurricane of thoughts, feelings, and sentiments," he wrote in September, 1925. Good and bad in his mind were not divided by a sharp, straight line. "It is a quarter of a century that I am struggling to dislearn and re-learn; to deny and re-confirm. By little of school and very much experiences . . . I became a cosmopolit, perambulating philosopher of the main road—crushing, burning a world within me and creating a new, better one. Meanwhile I am having the worst of the worst one." Through his letters sounds the clash between his faith in human perfectibility and his own experience. Anatole France's "Penguin Island" tormented him, after four years in prison, because it ends with the destruction of society by society's own greed and inventions. "But I perceive the possibility of liberation," he protests in a letter to Mary Donovan, "not in a single strike and in a single hour, but by thousands of strikes gradually one more powerful than the other, and through the centuries."

A perplexing "Anarchist bastard" this, who will not accept Anatole France's gloomy prediction, who says that all reformers are contented if Mussolini, J. P. Morgan, or any other holder of control is "so gentlemanly to cut with them the power-pie," and who writes from his cell at about the same time, "Human nature is good. I would assert it even if I burned a hundred times or was chained for a hundred lives." Three years later in a letter from State Prison he said: "I despair. It seems to me the world is going to hell by radio. . . . The blindness of the more, the rascality of the few, the dreadful unconsciousness of all, and the tragic destiny and impotence of the exceptional one. . . ." Such was the conflict of thought and feeling, of hope and despair in this eager personality.

Vanzetti was an emotional, intellectual belligerent. He laughed genially at the importance given in the last year of his fight to the fact that certain respectable opinion had swung to his side. "I call that to cling to a razor blade," he wrote Miss Donovan.

The child of well-to-do, middle-class, Catholic parents dwelling among their gardens and vineyards in Villafalletto, the Piedmont section in north Italy, Vanzetti inherited an intense gratification in nature. "Some notes of bird song reach our cages," he wrote from his Bridgewater cell in the spring of 1925. "I hear the barking of dogs in the distance. Nature blesses me with her music, her fires, and her colors." At the age of thirteen he left school, where he had "loved study." His father put him to work in a pastry shop, toiling from seven in the morning till ten at night, with a fortnightly vacation of three to five hours. He was a fervent Catholic, surrounded by young store clerks and laborers who labeled themselves Socialists and him "hypocrite and bigot" because of his "religious streak." After five years of such labor Vanzetti fell ill and returned to his home. That was "one of the happiest periods of my life. . . . My mother put me in bed. . . . I had almost forgotten hands could caress so tenderly." Then his mother died, and he came to America, a clouded youth of twenty, unable ever after to write of his mother because "I would never be satisfied of what I may write of her, even if I could write it in the third rhyme with the ability of Dante." His emotions at Ellis Island were singularly prophetic: "I saw the steerage passengers handled like so many animals. . . . Hope, which lured these immigrants to the new land, withers under the touch of harsh officials. . . ."

There followed long years of labor as dishwasher in New York—"the drain was clogged, the greasy water rose higher and higher, and we trudged in slime." A period at a brickyard in Hartford, then back to New York as pastry cook, then unemployment, then pick-and-shovel work in Worcester, and thence to Plymouth as construction worker, ditch-digger, Plymouth Cordage Plant worker, and, finally, fish peddler.

Vanzetti, a friendly personality, chatted with his fellow-workers, thought, and studied—studied particularly his two best loved books, the "Divine Comedy" and Ernest Renan's "The Life of Jesus." He became a follower of the Anarchist, Galleani, prominent at the time in the small radical circles of New England and now held *al confino* in Italy by Mussolini. He was one of the leaders in the Plymouth cordage strike early in 1916, till his anarchist absolutism ran afoul of other elements involved in the struggle. A persuasive orator in Italian, he was shoved off many a platform in that strike. He became a marked man. Plymouth Cordage would not reemploy him after the strike

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

settlement. When the war reached America he went to Mexico to avoid the draft. On his return he again joined his friends in Plymouth; he worked as day-laborer until, his health impaired, he became a fish peddler.

Vanzetti, like Sacco, had never before been washed up into the sieve of the law when he was arrested on the night of May 5, 1920. He had just seen what happened to his friend Salsedo, smashed to death on the pavement fourteen stories below the Department of Justice offices in New York City where he had been held incomunicado for weeks. And now he felt the system for himself.

Behind the smoke-dulled walls in Charlestown he studied English by correspondence with Mrs. Virginia MacMeechan so that he might answer in English the letters that came to him. He wrote hundreds of letters in English and Italian—averaging nearly four a week during the seven years, three months, and eighteen days until his death.

Not only letters; Vanzetti wrote from prison the story of his own "Proletarian Life," a piece of honestly romantic self-analysis; the "Background of the Plymouth Trial," an intelligent immigrant's first contact with American criminal procedure; "Events and Victims," a first-hand account of work in a munitions factory; a series of essays analyzing the Boston newspapers, "the harlot press," which he despised and understood better than most newspapermen; a series of letters attacking "Syndicalists and Syndicalism"; articles for the defense-committee bulletins; romantic nature poems in Italian. He translated Proudhon's "War and Peace" into English, and the defense counsels' Supreme Court briefs into Italian for distribution in Europe. One of his last undertakings was to write a review of Charles and Mary Beard's "The Rise of American Civilization."

Physically he labored in prison as he worked outside—in the prison paint-shop which was hell for him. "I cannot study without work hard, physical work, sunshine and winds; free, blessing wind," he wrote Mrs. Evans. Yet study he did, with an avidity seldom found in Harvard Yard. He kept on with the self-discussions he had started long before he came to America in 1908. Consider the books commented upon by him in his "Proletarian Life" or in conversations with friends: the works of Peter Kropotkin, Leo Tolstoi, Zola, Hugo, Cantu, Réclus, Gorki, Merlino, Malatesta, Marx, Leone di Labriola, Darwin, Spencer, and Laplace; Mazzini's "Duties of Man," the political "Testament" of Carlo Pisacane, the Bible, "The Life of Jesus" (Renan), "Jesus Christ Has Never Existed," by Milesbo; "here [in America] I read Greek and Roman history, the story of the United States, of the French Revolution and of the Italian Revolution"; "I returned to the 'Divine Comedy' and to 'Jerusalem Liberated.' I re-read Leopardi and wept with him"; the poetry of Giusti, Guerrini, Rapisardi, and Carducci. He read, in fact, everything he could lay hands on, from Sinclair Lewis's "Elmer Gantry" to Emerson's essays. "I will again delight myself at the lecture of Emerson's 'Politics,' 'Nature,' and 'New England Reformers,' so exquisitely anarchist," he wrote Mrs. Evans upon receipt from her of a set of Emerson for his last Christmas in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

In due time came his day before Judge Webster Thayer—April 9, 1927. The court kept averted face in the white-columned courthouse in historic Dedham that morning. In the quiet room of justice not one newspaperman was unmoved by Vanzetti's words. Then the petition to Governor Fuller and the struggle over that document. William G. Thompson, conservative, high-minded lawyer, pitted his best New England principles against Vanzetti's anarchism. After the document was presented to the Governor, Vanzetti wrote to Gertrude L. Winslow:

> It is not great and it was emaseulated and dis-souled of its best, its truer truths. After all, Mr. Thompson wished it to save and free us; an address of libertarians to an authority man. Gag the truth, gag the right, gag the highest songs of your soul, the strongest note of your impulse, all your spontaneities, lest you offend others and harm yourself. So many things were left unsaid and others fogged or maimed or veiled. . . . I was in earnest at it and I was sick, feeling heavily the earth gravitation, and my

For St. Bartholomew's Day

By MALCOLM COWLEY

Die, then.
Outside the prison gawk
the crowds that you will see no more.
A door slams shut behind you. Walk
with turnkeys down a corridor
smelling of lysol, through the gates
to where the uneager sheriff waits.

St. Nicholas who blessed your birth,
whose hands are rich with gifts, will bear
no further gifts to you on earth,
Sacco, whose voice is heard in prayer
neither to Pilate nor a saint
whose earthly sons die innocent.

And you that would not bow your knee
to God, swarthy Bartholomew,
no God shall seek your liberty
nor Virgin intercede for you
nor bones of yours make sweet the plot
where governors and judges rot.

A doctor sneezes, a chaplain maps
the streets of heaven, you mount the chair,
two jailers buckle tight the straps
like those which aviators wear,
the surgeon makes a signal.
Die!
lost symbols of our liberty.

Beyond the chair, beyond the bars
of day and night your path lies free.
Yours is an avenue of stars.
March on, O dago Christs, while we
march on to spread your name abroad
like ashes in the winds of God.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

spirit bended upon itself. That work devoured my flesh. I did it for conscience's sake. For I know that for us there is no sympathy or consideration. . . . We will never accept life imprisonment any more than we accept death, except as impositions from a stronger physical force, and we consider both as pure and simple murders committed by reaction against revolution; this is the ultimate essence of our case, and being so, we cannot depart recommending pardon.

Vanzetti's attitude toward violence is precisely set forth in his petition to the Governor where he quotes Jefferson, Paine, Lincoln, and Emerson in his support. He wrote in 1924:

> I abhor useless violence. I would my blood to prevent the shedding of blood, but neither the abyss nor the earth, nor the heavens, have a law which condemns the self-defense. . . . The more I live, the more I suffer, the more I learn, the more I am inclined to forgive, to be generous, and to see that violence as such does not resolve the problem of life. . . . The slave has the right and duty to arise against his master.

In a letter to Mrs. Evans he said:

> The Anarchist go ahead and says, "all what is help to me without hurt the others is good; all what help the others without hurting me is good also, all the rest is evil." He look for his liberty in the liberty of all, for his happiness in the happiness of all, for his welfare in the universal welfare. I am with him.

Vanzetti, who had no taste for wine or other spirituous drinks, was not solemn in his abstinence. The ferment of his own spirit kept him always gay, angry, or intellectually absorbed. Mostly, of course, it was the latter. "I almost forgot to be in prison, very near to the electric chair," he wrote at the end of a long letter discussing the Russian Revolution. The subject of war he recurred to again and again in his letters:

> We have war because we are not sufficiently heroic for a life which does not need war. . . . Many cry upon the slaughtered soldier's grave, his old mother, his sister, or his sweetheart, but all the others did only marketing upon it; and the tavern, the priests, the brothel make great profits and business during twenty-four hours of Decoration Day.

Vanzetti's reason never expected liberty. Yet he never ceased to meet life with keen interest. "Fuller has presidential aspirations," he wrote on January 10, 1927, months before Governor Fuller's name was even mentioned in that connection and months before the Governor's investigation was officially contemplated. "To be chosen for such candidacy, one must prove himself a hanger for the appointing and over-ruling American plutocracy. . . ."

As the day of the execution approached, he disposed of his books in letters to various friends. Only the arrival of his sister, Luigia, from Italy made his heart "a little unsteady" in that last period. His penmanship showed a remarkable change. It grew noticeably firmer. His last letter from the deathhouse a few hours before the execution, to Henry W. L. Dana, in which he asked him to labor to "insert in history the true significance of our case" was extraordinary in its precision of line and content.

And in an interview with a New York journalist Vanzetti spoke these last words to Judge Thayer:

> If it had not been for these things, I might have live out my life, talking at street corners to scorning men. I might have die, unmarked, unknown, a failure. Now we are not a failure. This is our career and triumph. Never in our full life can we hope to do such work for tolerance, for justice, for man's understanding of man as now we do by an accident. Our words, our lives, our pains—nothing! The taking of our lives—lives of a good shoemaker and a poor fish peddler—all! That last moment belong to us—that agony is our triumph!

"A man of powerful mind, of unselfish disposition, and of devotion to high ideals," wrote Mr. Thompson of Vanzetti immediately after his final interview with him. In the death chamber Vanzetti shook hands with the wardens and guards, and smiled cordially as he looked into their eyes. He thanked them for their "kindness" to him. He calmly repeated his innocence of all crimes, but not of "some sins," and seated himself in the chair. "I forgive some of them for what they are doing to me," he said.

Railroad Building and Local Pride

By C. K. BROWN

THE Piedmont and Northern Railway Company owns and operates an electric railway from Greenwood to Spartanburg, South Carolina, a distance of ninety miles, and from Gastonia to Charlotte, North Carolina, a distance of twenty-three miles. On April 3, 1928, the Interstate Commerce Commission denied the company's application for permission to connect the two segments by building fifty-three miles of track from Spartanburg to Gastonia and to extend the line seventy-five miles from Charlotte to Winston-Salem. The line, if completed as proposed, would run in a northeasterly direction from Greenwood to Winston-Salem, paralleling the double-tracked main line of the Southern Railway almost within sight practically the entire distance. The commission denied the application on the ground that the proposed construction would be an unnecessary duplication of existing facilities. The Piedmont and Northern has filed suit in the federal courts to test the power of the Interstate Commerce Commission under the Transportation Act of 1920.

Tremendous concern over the decision of the commission has been manifested in the press of the Carolinas. Although the proposed railroad is a local undertaking, the principles involved in the controversy are not of such limited scope. The Piedmont and Northern maintains that the commission is without authority in the matter, first, because the proposed construction was contemplated before the effective date of the Transportation Act and was prosecuted with due diligence thereafter; and second, because the Piedmont and Northern is an electric interurban railway not operated as a part of a general system of steam transportation and hence is excepted from the provision of the Transportation Act which requires the issuance of certificates of public convenience and necessity before new railroads can be built. The courts must pass on these two

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

points. The commission has already decided them adversely to the interests of the Piedmont and Northern. The first point need not detain us except to note that during six of the eight years which have elapsed since the Transportation Act was enacted the Piedmont and Northern has had no charter right to build any railroad within the State of South Carolina. That the company did contemplate, prior to 1920, building from Charlotte to Durham, eighty miles east of Winston-Salem, seems to be admitted, but it was only comparatively recently that Winston-Salem was mentioned. Whether the Piedmont and Northern is an electric interurban railroad within the meaning of the terms of the Transportation Act depends altogether upon what the framers of that act meant. It is electric, of course. And it is interurban in the most literal sense of the word, just as any railroad connecting two municipalities is interurban. Did Congress mean to distinguish on the basis of motive power? The best authorities seem to agree that an interurban is a short road whose business is primarily passenger traffic. In 1926 5.5 per cent of the Piedmont and Northern's revenue came from passengers, while 91 per cent came from freight.

Practically every newspaper in the Piedmont South has been loud in its advocacy of the new lines. The Governor of North Carolina and the railroad commissions of both the Carolinas intervened in the proceedings before the commission, strongly urging the granting of the desired permission. Chambers of commerce in towns along the proposed route have been enthusiastic in their assertions of the need for the new railroad. Perhaps nowhere within recent years has there been afforded a better opportunity to study the prevailing economic philosophy of American business men. Borrowing the name of the doctrine which flourished in Europe several centuries ago, we may characterize this economic philosophy as local mercantilism. However discredited mercantilism may be among economists, it survives today in hundreds of small newspapers, chambers of commerce, and luncheon clubs. Local mercantilism favors any sort of social device which will encourage new enterprises to grow, perhaps artificially and uneconomically, but nevertheless to grow. It is not infrequently responsible for skyscrapers five stories higher than necessary, hotels half of whose beds will not be slept in for years, and race-tracks whose grandstands rot down before they earn 2 per cent on their cost.

One of the principles of local mercantilism is that the expenditure of money in a community is a boon to business. No distinction is made between useful and wasteful expenditure. The construction of the proposed lines of the Piedmont and Northern would, we are informed, give employment to many men in the Piedmont Carolinas and enable merchants to make many sales. To be sure, here is the double-tracked main line of the Southern Railway, with an estimated capacity of 144 trains a day and now carrying an average of thirty trains a day between Greenville, South Carolina, and Salisbury, North Carolina. The Piedmont and Northern proposes to parallel it between Spartanburg and Gastonia at an average distance of 1.1 miles. Between Charlotte and Winston-Salem the Southern has two lines. Only 6.5 miles of the Piedmont and Northern's proposed lines north of Charlotte would be more than four miles from some railroad. The conclusion seems obvious. Yet the railroads now serving the Carolinas are the only parties who appeared before the commission to oppose the new construction, and they have, of course, a private interest in opposing it. Is there no social interest involved?

The Piedmont and Northern Railway is controlled by the Duke interests, perhaps the most powerful financial interests in the Carolinas. Practically every kilowatt of power and every street-car ticket purchased in the Piedmont Carolinas is bought from the Duke companies. Substantial control of the entire system is in the hands of the self-perpetuating board of fifteen trustees of the Duke Endowment and the Doris Duke Trust. The recent industrial development of the Piedmont Carolinas has rested so largely upon the electrical energy which the Duke interests have supplied that the Dukes have rightly been given large credit for the progress which these States have enjoyed. Any venture which the Duke interests undertake is accepted in the Carolinas as being for the public good. Confidence in the future industrial development of the section is well-nigh unbounded. The new lines of the Piedmont and Northern are needed, it is urged, to keep pace with this rapid industrialization. Without detracting from the part which the Dukes have played in this development, it may be fair to point out that the Southern Railway, the Piedmont and Northern's chief competitor, has itself had something to do with it. And it is, with all due respect to local pride, remarkable how large a part agriculture still plays in the economic life of the section. There seems to be no imminent danger that industrial development will get beyond bounds.

That the Duke interests would profit from the new lines of the Piedmont and Northern need not be questioned. But there is no apparent reason for believing that private interest and public interest will always coincide. The new lines could obtain traffic, it is admitted, but it is extremely doubtful that they could get it in any way except by taking it away from existing roads. The Southern is a prosperous road, now making large earnings. Commissioner McManamy informs us that the Southern can well afford to share its traffic with the new Piedmont and Northern lines.

The question is whether the shippers of the South can afford to have it shared. One point which has been consistently overlooked in the discussions is the effect of the proposed new lines upon the freight-rate structure. For many years the South has been fretting under the burden of heavy freight rates. The general level of freight rates in the South is about a third higher than in the territory north of the Potomac. A thin population, bulky seasonal products, and a multiplicity of railroads have had this result. The earnings of Southern roads should not be divided with newly constructed lines. Instead, they must in time be divided with Southern shippers in the form of lower freight rates. Can this be called throttling the industrial development of the South? On the contrary, it is more likely to contribute to the future industrial development of the section than any other change.

A partial explanation of the intervention of the State utilities commissions in behalf of the Piedmont and Northern is to be found in a widespread support of the principle of local autonomy and a resentment against the exercise of regulatory power by federal bodies. New railroads have, of course, never been built without public authority. Formerly the only authority needed was a State charter. Since 1920 the additional requirement of permission of the Interstate Commerce Commission has been imposed. So hot has the resentment against this authority of the commission become in the Carolinas that some persons have advocated the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

repeal of the provision and have been successful in carrying their contention as far as the floor of Congress. Other more irate individuals wish to abolish the entire Interstate Commerce Commission. The jealousy of the commission's power is shared by the National Association of Railroad and Utilities Commissioners, which raised the issue to one of national importance by intervening in the proceedings in behalf of the Piedmont and Northern. State utilities commissioners outside the South can obviously have no vital interest in the construction of the new lines of the Piedmont and Northern. They simply want to forestall curtailment of their own powers. The attitude of the State commissioners opens the whole question of the economic philosophy lying back of the Transportation Act. That railroads should be regulated by public authority has been almost unquestioned in this country for the past four or five decades. By whom and to what extent they should be regulated are questions which have never been satisfactorily settled in this land of forty-nine jurisdictions.

By the grant of power to the Interstate Commerce Commission in 1920 to say what new lines should be built, the railroads for the first time were given the complete status of monopolies. The commission was charged with the task of fixing rates so that the roads as a whole or by groups might earn a fair return on investment and the interests of shippers be protected. The overlapping and conflicting powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission and the various State commissions have been a source of vexation for many years. The trend during the past two decades has unquestionably been in the direction of increased power of the Interstate Commerce Commission at the expense of the State commissions. It may be traced through the Minnesota and Shreveport rate cases of 1913-1914, the provisions of the Transportation Act of 1920, and the decision in the Wisconsin Passenger Fares Case in 1922. This trend is regrettable from the standpoint of State rights and local control, but it is inevitable if adequate regulation of railroads as monopolies is to be attained in this country of great distances and many State boundaries, where transportation problems persistently refuse to remain local.

A Political Utopia

By FREDERIC C. HOWE

MY Utopia has to do with the political state, possibly because my chief interests for many years have been with the state, and the things it could do for its members if it chose. Yet as I think of it, my political state is somewhat negative—a state that keeps out of the way of people so that people themselves will be important in themselves and by themselves. I dislike a state in which some mediocre man by virtue of a show of hands becomes the most important personage in the community. I should prefer a state in which we thought about and talked about and revered as important men who had made contributions to science, to art, to literature, to the better living of the world. A mere president does not seem important to me in comparison with a Bernard Shaw or a governor in comparison with a Bertrand Russell.

My state would prize distinction. I would place that high above the sanctity that attaches to the thoughts, ideas, and spoken word of the politician or the statesman. In my Utopia, liberty, freedom, individuality, variety would be the goal; it would be a Utopia in which the mind played as freely on all subject matter as it now plays freely on airplanes, radios, and things mechanical. For the mechanical world is an exhibit of what this world might be in all its relations—cultural, artistic, human—if it were really free.

Such a state does involve some positive political action; but the political action would be with the aim of ending every economic privilege or law-made advantage that one man enjoys over another except such privileges as came to him by birth or natural endowment. It would welcome a Ford or an Edison but not a Rockefeller or a Gary.

And the first essential in a free state is to get rid of fear—the fear that begets economic greed; the fear that causes rich and poor alike to subordinate everything else to the problem of food, clothes, and shelter. And such fear can be exorcised. Of that I am sure. It is being exorcised in some states in Europe; and among all the political suggestions that I have read, whether it be socialism, communism, or any other utopian proposal, the philosophy of Henry George seems to me to rank highest. And the Utopia is so simple, so easily achieved, and so marvelous in its potentialities that it should be the first step in any change. All that Henry George taught was that God gave the earth to all his people. He dedicated its resources to use rather than to monopoly, to withholding them from use. He gave us all the elements—air, water, land—and said to man, "These are not for idle possession. They are to be used, and to be used by those most capable of using them to their highest and best efficiency."

And Henry George suggested a simple means for freeing the resources of the earth for use. His proposal was that there should be but one tax; that that tax should be imposed on the capital value of the land, and that the tax should be high enough to appropriate all of the ground rent which the land would potentially produce. In other words, he would have the state become the universal collector of ground rent. He would have the city of New York step into the shoes of the Astors, the Rhinelanders, the Trinity Corporation, and other speculators who have grown enormously rich through the growth of population, the advances of the arts, and the needs of humanity. He would have the state step into the shoes of the owner of coal, iron ore, copper, oil, gas, water-power. A tax appropriating the annual rental of all such land would bring into the public treasury a colossal revenue. It would bring in the ground rents of all of our cities; it would bring in the ground values of suburban land; it would appropriate the value of the oil and gas deposits, the bituminous and anthracite coal, iron ore, copper, and zinc. The revenues which now flow to private monopolies would be directed into the public purse and would be available for social uses. Far more important, the resources of the continent would be opened up to free use. There would be opportuni-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ties for unborn generations, and for a population many times our present one. Fear would vanish with opportunities calling to labor on every hand, while wages would rise with the demand for labor which such a taxation policy would involve.

My utopian state would know no other tax than this. There would be no protective tariffs. Custom houses would be turned to other uses. America would trade as freely with the outside world as California now trades with Pennsylvania, as Minnesota trades with Louisiana. That which we have found of such transcendent value in our own commonwealth would be expanded to include the products and the resources of other lands. Then exotic industries and monopolies would have to fight for their existence. Some would undoubtedly die, but others would take their place. International competition would not only reduce prices; it would improve quality, while the wealth of Europe would find its way into American markets, stimulating our own productive energies and enriching our means of enjoyment.

A free state does involve a certain amount of socialism, but a socialism for the purpose of making the state free. It involves the public ownership of all highways—railroads as well as automobile roads. It means the ownership of water-power, telephones and telegraphs, street railways, gas and electricity in order that these services may be rendered at the minimum of cost. Service, in these industries that are above competition, should take the place of private profit. But these are almost my only concessions to socialism. The gains from collective effort I would achieve in another way. I would get them through cooperation—such cooperation as has converted Denmark into one of the most contented, happy, and on the whole satisfactory commonwealths in the civilized world. Denmark achieved its approach to Utopia through the cooperative movement; through the collective organizations of farmers, workers, distributors around almost every important industry, so that private exploitation, the amassing of great wealth in few hands, has almost disappeared in this little Scandinavian state.

Cooperation means the maximum of liberty. It means the merging of politics with everyday life. It integrates all the economic and cultural activities of men about a natural center and that in this every-day life.

If this Utopia sounds materialistic, it is because I am convinced that we cannot approach our cultural or spiritual potentialities without first exorcising the economic fear which poisons all other departments of life. But with fear gone, men and women would be free to turn their latent energies and talents to other things as they have always done among well-to-do classes in every age of the world. Man is interested in his stomach first of all, only because he has to be interested in his stomach. We know very little of his potentialities in other fields, for not until very recent times has any class been free from economic fear, and only within a generation have any substantial numbers been released so that they might think in terms other than the possession of their daily bread.

Man must first be free in the economic field before he can be free in any other. And to those who feel that the economic problem is insoluble, that the forces of reaction are too powerful to be dislodged, one may point out that all the gains in this field we have made in a short century. It was not until the French Revolution that there was any thought in the world of social justice, and not until the middle of the last century that such thought began to find expression in legislation. In our own country the advances of the past twenty years are proof that economic ideas do make headway and that the advance suggestions of today do have a way of becoming realities tomorrow.

In the Driftway

THE DRIFTER'S favorite realtor lives in a little town on Long Island which, although not Hicksville, the Drifter will call, in the manner of mr. cummings, hicksville. As a vaudeville joke Hicksville is somewhat past its prime, but as a philosophic problem it has never been solved, any more than the mystery of the chicken and the egg. Which came first, the hicks or Hicksville? The Drifter will probably never know.

* * * * *

THE TOWN realtor had engaged to show the Drifter's companion some cottages on hicksville's Highland Beach. It is important not to confuse this with any of the other Highland Beaches lining the sandy spits and marshy coves of the island which Walt Whitman called Paumanok and the local chambers of commerce call "America's Sunrise Homeland." They all climbed into the realtor's car and started. They turned out of the highway, past an imposing garage and a modest church, and drove across the railroad track—one of those gateless, signalless crossings where, as the railroads reproachfully announce, hundreds of people are careless enough to be killed. A friendly old bucolic sitting on a pile of ties waved a notebook at the realtor and the realtor waved back. They came to a cove full of Long Island ducklings, not yet roasted but quacking happily. "Is the beach far from here?" inquired the Drifter's friend politely. "Oh, no," answered the realtor. "It's half a mile on the other side of the track." He turned back and crossed it again, waving once more at the friendly bucolic. "He's keeping a tally," the realtor explained. "If we can prove that enough cars cross the track the railroad will give us a signal bell, so we're all trying to roll up the score."

* * * * *

HIGHLAND BEACH turned out to be a densely wooded patch of oak scrub filled with cottages and mosquitoes. The realtor stopped the car before a tiny structure and bade his prospect and the Drifter descend. "Where," inquired the prospect, "is the beach?" "Right down here," was the cheerful reply. Peering through the trees, they descried a rowboat and a comfortable little lake only partly covered with ducklings. "And where," he pursued diffidently, "are the Highlands?" "Why, this," said the realtor with an air of reproach, "is the highest ground for twenty-five miles around." He was on the point of unlocking the cottage to display its internal charms when a loud alarum broke upon the air, frightening the ducks and mosquitoes as well as the Drifter. The realtor sprang toward the car and motioned the others to follow. "It's a fire," he said, "and I'm one of the chiefs. Come along. We'll look at the houses later."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THEY STOPPED at the garage to give a lift to one of the other chiefs. The old bucolic by the tracks noted their third crossing, and the Drifter wondered on which side the fire might be. It turned out to be near the station on the farther side. The crowd of townsfolk already gathered looked curiously at the prospect and the Drifter sitting in the realtor's car. They had been left in a grassy lane bordered by oak scrub and mosquitoes, and quite devoid of buildings, flames, or smoke. "Let's go and find the fire," the Drifter suggested. "Perhaps we can help." Before they could get out of the car the realtor returned with disappointment written on his face. It had been only a grass fire and he had been too late. They re-crossed the track and returned to Highland Beach, with its welcoming committee of eager mosquitoes.

* * * * *

THE DRIFTER'S friend was not pleased with the cottages, and the realtor bade them a sad farewell. He had made no sale; he had missed a fire; and even if he had added four to the railway-crossing tally, he was late for supper. When the Drifter eventually stops drifting, he is going back to hicksville to console the realtor by buying one of his houses. THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Sacco-Vanzetti Meetings

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: August 22 will mark the passing of the first year since the State of Massachusetts, under the subterfuge of legality, electrocuted two men upon the altar of sham respectability.

Meetings throughout the world will be held on August 22, where the blameless lives and heroic deaths of Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti will be recited in many tongues.

In New York City the Sacco-Vanzetti Memorial Committee has arranged for a mass meeting in Union Square at 5 p. m. on Wednesday, August 22.

Prominent speakers will address the gathering in various languages, and the committee making the arrangements has assurances from large bodies of workers that this will be one of the greatest gatherings ever held in that memorable meeting-place. The outdoor meeting is also commemorative of the last few months prior to the tragedy, when it was impossible to secure a suitable hall, because of intimidation from many sources, and the workers were forced to make their protests out on the public highways, where they strenuously but vainly demanded the unconditional release of the idealists whose memories they now revere.

SACCO-VANZETTI MEMORIAL COMMITTEE,
New York, August 7 149 East Twenty-third Street

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A Sacco-Vanzetti memorial meeting will be held at Scenic Auditorium, 12 Berkeley Street, Boston, on August 23, at 8:30 p. m. A committee, including Professor Samuel Eliot Morison of Harvard, Dr. Alice Hamilton of the Harvard Medical School, Mrs. Gertrude L. Winslow, Miss Catherine Huntington, Creighton Hill, and myself, is sponsoring the meeting.

The list of speakers includes Edna St. Vincent Millay, Arthur Davison Ficke, Dr. Alexander Meiklejohn, Robert Morss Lovett, and the Rev. Harold L. Stratton of the Pilgrim Congregational Church of Worcester, Massachusetts.

We invite everyone to come to Boston for this meeting who considers the search for justice as an important activity of man.

Boston, August 3 GARDNER JACKSON

Governor Fuller's Way

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: This past week another execution took place at Charlestown which is a further disgrace to the commonwealth that permitted it and which furnishes one more piece of evidence as to the inhumane and repellent characteristics of Governor Fuller. Desatnick, a twenty-five-year-old Jewish peddler, married in May, 1927, a girl of his own faith who some months previously had given birth to his child. Later they discovered that under the canons of the orthodox Jewish faith, to which they were both devoted, the child was forever illegitimate and could not be received into the church. This caused the parents unspeakable anguish.

The man brooded for a long time over the situation. There was evidence that the opprobrium of relatives further accentuated his distress. The jury found that he handed over the child to a stranger to be drowned. The child's body was found in a lake near Worcester. Desatnick maintained his innocence to the last, declaring that he had given the child to a man who had promised to place the baby in a Jewish home in New York.

When the case reached Governor Fuller some of the leading rabbis of the State went in a body to the Governor and pleaded with him for commutation to life imprisonment. It was clearly shown that the unfortunate man had been goaded to his act by the folkways of race and by an almost fanatical religious phobia. But to Governor Fuller there were no such complicated sensitivities involved. The jury had found him guilty. The law must take its course.

It is fortunate indeed for what remains of the good name of Massachusetts that Fuller leaves office at the end of this year. He will not be forgotten—the Sacco-Vanzetti case will stand as a shameful memorial to his name in the eyes of posterity. But, as if this were not already enough, a year after two innocent Italians have been electrocuted he further brands himself as a man incapable of even the most rudimentary feelings of compassion in a case where the question of innocence was not involved, but simply of fundamental human pity for a poor wretch who deserved executive clemency under our statutes if ever a human being did.

Boston, July 22 CREIGHTON HILL

A Voice from Prison

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am one of the eight victims of the Centralia conspiracy of November 11, 1919. None of the men in the Centralia group is a criminal. In fact, so anxious were they to keep within the law, even in defending themselves, that they consulted an attorney as to their legal rights before attempting to resist the raid which they had been warned was to be made on them.

The business men of Centralia had hatched a conspiracy to raid the I. W. W. Hall and run the members out of town. They had openly stated their purpose in the daily paper published in Centralia. On November 11, 1919, they attempted to carry out the plans of their conspiracy; but after smashing the windows and doors of the hall they met with armed opposition, and four of the attackers were killed.

I had just arrived in town a short time before the attack and had witnessed it from the lobby of the Roderick Hotel. Not a shot was fired until after the windows and doors had been smashed by the attackers.

So conclusively was this fact proved at the so-called trial which was farcically given to us that the judge was forced to resort to technicalities when he instructed the jury. He said: "I charge these men with doing a *lawful act* in an unlawful

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

way." This because some of the men had tried to defend the hall from outside instead of from inside.

I was unarmed and had absolutely no connection with the trouble in any way, and the shooting that was done by others was in defense of life and property after the aggressors had committed acts of violence and proved their felonious intentions beyond a possible doubt.

Now we come to the "trial"; the little Legionnaire with the crooked eye came on the witness stand. I believe his name was Walters. Anyway he swore that he was standing at the head of the Centralia contingent of Legionnaires, marking time, when the shooting started; that he was flag-bearer and as he ran for cover several bullets passed between him and the flag-staff. He said he looked in the direction the bullets came from and saw a man in an upstairs window of the Avalon Hotel, shooting at him with a large rifle. The hotel was approximately 100 yards away and the man was shooting from inside the upstairs window. With a rifle to his face only the upper half of his face would be visible to the man in the street. Obviously a man could not identify his best friend under such circumstances. When asked if he could identify that man among the prisoners he said: "The third man on the bench." I was the third man.

Next came Elsie Hornbeck. She had seen the man in the upstairs window of the Avalon Hotel before the parade came past, and again when he was shooting. After she had told her story she was asked whether she could pick out the man she had seen from among the defendants, and she said: "The third man looks like him." On cross-examination she admitted she had been shown several photographs of me by agents of the prosecution. Then Mr. Vanderveer asked her: "Will you, knowing it's a case of life and death, say that you *think* Barnett *looks like* the man you saw?"

I wanted to jump up and ask: "Will you say Barnett *is* the man you saw?" but I thought Mr. Vanderveer should know his profession better than I, so I kept still and the witness answered: "Yes."

The jury considered the testimony of this witness the strongest evidence against me. And they accepted her answer to the question quoted above as a positive identification, while it is obviously *not* an identification at all. This girl, now a married woman, has since made a sworn affidavit declaring that she did not identify me, and only said that I *looked like* the man she saw. The court record will substantiate her claim. Her affidavit is before the Parole Board signed by Elsie Hornbeck Shirley.

Next witness, Charles P. Briffet, the large man to whom I was called out and exhibited in a hall-way at Chehalis. He testified to having seen a man coming up the alley from the rear of the Avalon Hotel refilling the magazine of a large rifle. He also told of seeing a young woman in the alley at the same time. When asked to identify the man he saw, he said: "The third from the end."

As soon as Briffet left the stand Mr. Vanderveer asked for a recess and gathered all of us defendants around him. "Now," he said, "there is something funny about everyone of these witnesses saying 'the third from the end.' All of you stand up until the next witness takes the stand, then change places so Barnett will be fifth or sixth."

We all stood up until Miss Lela Tripp, the girl in whose presence I had been kept for an hour in the sheriff's office at Chehalis, took the stand. Then we sat down and I was seventh man on the bench. Miss Tripp told of seeing the man leaving the rear of the Avalon Hotel with the big rifle. When asked to identify the man she had seen, she looked at the third man on the bench. He was bald-headed; she hesitated, looked up and down the bench and admitted she could not say which was the man. "Eugene Barnett, stand up," said Mr. Abel, one of the six attorneys for the prosecution. I sat still and Mr. Vanderveer jumped up. "No you don't," he said. "We've had enough of *your kind* of identifications." The witness was then turned over to Mr. Vanderveer for cross-examination. "Who told you Eugene Barnett was the third man on the bench?" asked Mr. Vanderveer. "Mr. Christenson," answered the witness. Mr. Christenson was an assistant from the Attorney General's office.

So in addition to having had me exhibited to them before the trial my position on the bench was being tipped-off to the witnesses at the trial.

Miss Tripp was asked: "What kind of a hat did the man you saw with the rifle have on?"

"A soldier's hat," she replied.

My hat, a large John B. Stetson, velour-finish, cow-boy hat, was shown to her and she declared that the hat worn by the man with the rifle was *nothing like that*, but *was a soldier's hat.*

The prosecution claimed that I ran out of town a mile or so from the scene of the shooting and hid the rifle behind a sign-board.

Mr. James McAllister and his wife, Mary, appeared and swore I was in the lobby of their hotel, The Roderick, at the time of the shooting. Both of these witnesses had been personally acquainted with me since 1911.

S. A. Hand, owner of a second-hand store, took the stand and told of walking up the avenue with me after the shooting and at the very time the prosecution claimed I was running out of town in the opposite direction to hide a rifle. Charles Roy, a young coal-miner, swore that he met me a little farther up the avenue.

Alexander Siegardson testified to having met me a couple of blocks farther up-town. Cecil Arrowsmith, a farmer boy, and a personal acquaintance, testified that he saw the man in the window of the Avalon Hotel at the same time Miss Hornbeck did. He did not know the man, but did know it was not Eugene Barnett. He was much nearer to the man than Miss Hornbeck and had an unobstructed view, while she was looking through a plate-glass window. Arrowsmith also told of meeting me in front of the wrecked hall when I stopped at the hotel to get my coat on my way home.

Walla Walla, Washington, July 18 EUGENE BARNETT

Contributors to This Issue

GARDNER JACKSON has been for a number of years the moving spirit in the Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee of Boston.

C. K. BROWN is professor of economics at Davidson College, Davidson, North Carolina.

FREDERIC C. HOWE, head of the School of Opinion at Siasconset, Massachusetts, is the author of "Revolution and Democracy," "The Confessions of a Reformer," and other books.

STANLEY J. KUNITZ is a New York poet.

HAL SAUNDERS WHITE is a member of the faculty of New York University.

WILLIAM MACDONALD is the author of "A New Constitution for a New America" and other historical studies.

V. F. CALVERTON is the editor of the *Modern Quarterly* and author of "The Newer Spirit."

KARL F. GEISER is professor of political science at Oberlin College.

HELEN PIERCE has reviewed poetry for *The Nation* and other publications.

MARY REED, formerly of the staff of *The Nation*, is now living in Moscow.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books

Man Does Not Ask for Much

By STANLEY J. KUNITZ

Behold this darkling world: it is a cave
Of bitter circumstance and swift decay,
Wherein the blind soul, stumbling to the grave,
Knows nothing but the peril of the way.
Man does not ask for much, being content
With scanty joy in plenitude of grief:
A mouth to kiss, money to pay his rent,
One small coincidence to speed belief
In a divine Redeemer, sweetly kind,
Who if He maketh man diseased and wild,
Corruptible and ignorant and blind,
Yet loveth He His poor afflicted child.
Then is man happy going to his doom:
Then will he lie down singing in his tomb.

Deserted Barn

By HAL SAUNDERS WHITE

Time grinds the slow meal of the dark
Under the rafters of this roof.
They have gone by whose feet once broke
The particled indifference—
The woven weight upon these floors.
Going, they crumbled into light
Beyond that sudden edge of hill.
They come no more again at dusk
With lantern shadows on the hay
And slow words for the sorrel horse
In the dark stall.

Elephant and Donkey

The Republican Party. A History. By William Starr Myers. The Century Company. $4.

The Democratic Party. A History. By Frank R. Kent. The Century Company. $4.

THESE two heavy books contain about all that most persons will care to know about the history of the Republican and Democratic parties. Each appears to be a compilation based upon familiar secondary works, although the method is not the same in the two cases. Professor Myers goes at his task in the usual historian's manner, introducing a good many details into his narrative, citing authorities frequently in footnotes, stopping occasionally to express a personal opinion, and in the end constructing a story which most Republicans will probably accept as orthodox. Mr. Kent, with nearly twice as many years to cover in approximately the same number of pages, assumes that his readers already know something about the subject, and writes avowedly as a reporter rather than a historian. As he has on the whole the better literary style, Democratic readers will perhaps be led to think that his work has been better done, although in point of substance there is not much to choose between the two books.

As each of these writers seems to have made a sincere effort to be impartial, estimates of their performance will doubtless be colored a good deal by the reader's party predilections. The long record of political corruption which marks the years of Republican control is not pleasant reading, and while Professor Myers seems to stay his hand as he approaches the present time, his judgments are not often open to question. He does well to explode once more the myth of Lincoln's popularity as President, and to range himself with those who now regard a large part of the Republican reconstruction legislation as unconstitutional. When he comes to the Hayes-Tilden controversy, on the other hand, he is at swords' points with Mr. Kent. According to Professor Myers, the "high character and reputation for integrity and honesty" of the members of the Electoral Commission "precludes any charge or taint of corruption," notwithstanding "the fact that these men on both sides were Republicans or Democrats meant that they had a certain bent of mind which undoubtedly would influence and form the basis for their judgment." To Mr. Kent, the rejection of Tilden was the work of "the most unashamed, unfair, completely and contemptibly partisan body to which was ever committed a high duty calling for nonpartisanship, complete fearlessness, and rigid fairness." One wonders later if Professor Myers is qualifying for honors as a humorist in suggesting that the apoplexy of which Harding was said to have died may not have been induced by a "broken heart" over the discovery, which Professor Myers thinks Harding had probably made, of "the maze of graft, scandal, and, in some cases, personal dishonesty" on the part of those whom his "undoubted personal honesty" and "transparent sincerity" had trusted.

When it comes to mixing criticism with an analysis of situations, Mr. Kent is the better of the two. His summary of the Democratic situation since 1860 is a good example. In the sixty-eight years since the Buchanan administration ended, the Democrats have won four presidential elections and lost thirteen. What has kept the party during that long period in a condition where its only hope lay in "a division within the Republican party or a revolt against Republican administration" is, he thinks, the control of the Negro vote in pivotal States by the Republicans; the extraordinary industrial growth of the country, minimizing the importance of the agricultural and rural classes which were originally the support of the Democrats, and at the same time used by the Republicans to draw to their support the business and financial interests, which in return were rewarded with favors; and the failure of the party "to find a unifying issue in accord with traditional Democratic principles, and their habit of fighting more violently among themselves over the vibrant question of the day than with the Republicans."

This is good criticism, even if the "unifying issue" which Mr. Kent mentions is not altogether easy to discover even in retrospect. Professor Myers, who does not affect such summaries, permits himself at the end to assail both parties for their lack of leadership and their dependence upon the local prominence of office-holders and political aspirants. The final chapter of Mr. Kent's book, on the 1928 outlook, might well have been omitted, for prophecy is not history, and we do not yet know what November may bring forth.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

Lenin, Philosopher

Materialism and Empirio-Criticism. By V. I. Lenin. International Publishers.

IN America, Marxism is often thought to be a barren formula, prosaic in content, and removed from the fine, embracing logic of a flexible philosophy in the gray, rigid outlines of its economic dogma. In Europe this has never been so. Marxism there has been a vital, dynamic, comprehensive doctrine, including all the various sciences, philosophies, and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

arts within its scope. In this volume of Lenin, for instance, we discover Marxism actively plunged into the problems of materialism and idealism, the enigmas of epistemology, and the changing conflicts in contemporary physics. More than that, it is a book in answer to other essays and books on the same theme by other Marxians, in particular Bogdanov, and numerous non-Marxians whom Lenin denounced as reactionary in their approach to these problems.

The thesis of the book is simple despite the complexity of materials which it subjects to analysis—perhaps a little too simple. In a sense it can be summarized in the words of Dietzgen: "Pure idealists are those who sound the retreat, and dialectic materialists must be the appellation of all those who strive for the liberation of the human mind from all metaphysical magic." Idealists, then, whether they be Berkeleyans, Humeans, or the modern disciples of Pearson, Poincaré, Mach, or Duhem, are representatives of the reactionary philosophy of the old order; dialectical materialists, such as Marx, Engels, and Dietzgen, on the other hand, are representatives of the revolutionary philosophy of the new order. The "in-betweeners" are attacked with not less vigor than the reactionaries. Büchner, and Dühring, and Haeckel, for example, are assailed for being vulgar materialists, without an understanding of the fundamental approach of historical (or dialectical) materialism; Huxley is scorned for being an irresolute agnostic; and Bogdanov, Lunacharsky, Yushevitch, Bazarov, and Suvorov are ridiculed for being Machians who want to be Marxians. Even Plekhanov is attacked for certain inadequacies in his dialectical approach to materialism. Epistemology, for Lenin, is a study in class-differences, and the changing attitudes in physics, with their shift from a materialistic to an idealistic point of view, and with the attitudes of Mach, Avenarius, and Poincaré supplanting those of Newton and the older school, is but another reflection of this ideological conflict.

Lenin as an epistemologist and a philosophical materialist is without question a striking anomaly. For anyone acquainted with the usual nature of philosophical argument, or accustomed to the regular methods of philosophic analysis, Lenin will burst upon them like a bombshell. However in error in his other judgments of Lenin's genius, Aldanov was correct when he said that "Lenin was interested in philosophy only as one is interested in an enemy." Philosophy had no abstract meaning for him except as a revolutionary weapon. Those who disagree with the epistemology of Engels and the philosophy of historical materialism are not only reactionaries—they are "ignorant" and "muddle-headed," and at other times "word-jugglers," "triflers," "cowards," and "liars." Scarcely ever has a philosophical treatise been written with as much venom, or, for that matter, with as much vigor.

The main attack of the book was directed against the empirio-criticists, among whom Lunacharsky was conspicuous, and the empirio-monist, Bogdanov. Both Lunacharsky and Bogdanov, it is interesting to note, are today active and influential in the Soviet Union. In 1908, when "Materialism and Empirio-Criticism" was being written, Bogdanov was the leading philosophic-ideologist in the Bolshevik Party. Lenin had taken little interest in purely philosophic problems until he believed the leadership of Bogdanov, emphasized by the appearance of his book "Outlines of Marxian Philosophy," had become a misleading and subversive influence. "Materialism and Empirio-Criticism," in its endeavor to combat Bogdanov, and the various empirio-criticists and empirio-symbolists as well, begins by a general assault upon the entire school of Mach and Avenarius from which Bogdanov, Lunacharsky, Berman, Bazarov, and Yuskevich had derived so much inspiration. In his zeal to ridicule the psycho-physiology of Mach, which, in truth, needs much modification today, he makes Mach out to be an idealist, which classification Mach definitely denied, and ends by annihilating a fiction rather than a fact. Despite the strictures leveled at him, Mach was as much an enemy of metaphysics and as eager an advocate of science as Lenin. In fact, in the preface to the second edition of his "Analysis of Sensations," Mach explicitly states that the aim of his approach was to eliminate "all metaphysical elements . . . as superfluous and destructive of the economy of science." It is not that there are not many flaws in Mach's logic, but that Lenin in his anxiety to prove Mach a reactionary failed to answer them. Lenin often confused realism as a theory of knowledge with materialism as a theory of "stuff." By insisting upon the naive formula that the sensation is "a copy, photograph, and reflection of a reality existing independently of it," and attacking Plekhanov for considering them only as symbols of that reality, his logic lost itself in embarrassing difficulty. In his attacks upon Bogdanov, many of which are cogent, and upon Lunacharsky, most of which are well-founded, he never feels the necessity of defending his own philosophic position, or justifying the basis of his own logic. These are the main weaknesses of the book.

There are many virtues which the book possesses that should also be mentioned. Lenin's attitude and outlook, however over-simplified, are never ambiguous or evasive. There is real challenge in his motivation; challenge for a great end. He aimed to make philosophy into a thing of action rather than a thing of escape. In his consideration of certain of the changes in contemporary physics, the tendency to dematerialize matter and materialize mind, Lenin displayed real genius at analysis. Russell's argument, for instance, that matter has disappeared and been replaced by energy, Lenin answered, by way of intelligent anticipation, by showing, in a striking manner, that "a different mode of expression does not at all wipe out the distinctions between fundamental philosophic questions and tendencies." This section of the book is excellent for its clarity as well as cogency.

If Lenin was not a great philosopher, it was not because he did not conceive of philosophy as serving a great purpose. It was his very greatness in action, which made him too impatient of those subtle distinctions and fine logic which make a great philosopher.

V. F. Calverton

Science and Music

Music: A Science and an Art. By John Redfield. Alfred A. Knopf. $5.

> The composer and the interpretative artist have this much in common: they each of them take materials that are supplied to them, and to these materials they contribute an additional beauty not present in the materials as supplied. And this adding of beauty to musical materials furnished is the second type of musical art; the first being . . . mere physical skill. But each of these types of musical art utilizes physical things as their vehicles and means of expression. And the study of these physical things constitutes musical science. The interpretative musician of whatever kind uses some form of physical instrument. . . . These instruments, all, are pieces of physical apparatus subject to the same physical laws that govern other machines. The composer, too, works with physical materials. He uses rhythms and musical notes, both of them atmospheric phenomena as truly physical in character as electricity, heat, or gravitation, and both of them quite as properly subjects for laboratory investigation. . . .

FOR Mr. Redfield the science of music is applied, useful science. He wants scientists placed in laboratories to investigate and experiment with the tone and construction of the various musical instruments, nearly all of which he considers defective, and he is sure they can improve. They will, one supposes, also investigate the technique of the instruments, as Ortmann[1] investigated the technique of tone production on the piano, and, one hopes, have more effect upon

[1] "The Physical Basis of Piano Tone." By Otto Ortmann. Dutton.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

current superstition than he did. But there they will stop. As Mr. Redfield himself describes the science of performance, it stops with the instruments and their sounds as physical things; and in his discussion of the art of interpretation, which deals with the sounds as musical things, he does not mention anything of science. In other words, while there is a science of musical performance *as well as* an art, it is not a science *of* the art, nor is there as yet any such science.

Now the science of musical sound has even less to do with the creative art of music. There have been many attempts to formulate a theory of harmony that would account for the relations of sounds as musical facts by their relations as physical facts, the latest and seemingly the best attempt being Mr. Redfield's. These attempts have been encouraged by the fact that for a time musical procedures produced chords that were composed of the most prominent partials of the harmonic series. But the procedures have carried musical materials to a point where most of what is musically significant is not natural. The science of musical sounds as facts of nature can no longer account for their behavior as the materials of music; and changes in this behavior are therefore more likely to come from their further use in music than from the science, which would subject what is artificial and man-made to the limitations of what is natural.

But Mr. Redfield insists that the science of musical sound still has or ought to have everything to do with the idiom of music; that a physical theory of harmony still has practical value; and that a student must learn harmony not in musically significant usage, but in the physical laboratory, where "the harmonic practices of The Masters will all have to be subjected to laboratory verification, and modified to the degree that they are found capable of improvement." As a result, the chords of the last century or two sound bad to him because their structure and tuning are unnatural. Indeed he ascribes their unnatural structure to their unnatural tuning: the introduction of equal temperament "dulled the keenness of the ear's appreciation of natural harmonies" and "broadened the tolerance of the ear in favor of combinations of tones not naturally harmonic," until "almost any combination of tones is now more or less acceptable." But there is not enough difference between the just and the tempered scales to cause a major third or a major chord in the tempered scale to sound like anything but a major third or a major chord (this would be true also of intervals mistuned by the more minute divisions of the octave, which Mr. Redfield offers as a possibility to be investigated in the laboratory, after he has objected to the mistuning of the tempered scale); and unnatural tuning, therefore, is not a reason for the departures from natural chord structure. One may say rather that the harmonic sense in reaction to existing harmonic materials produced changes which incidentally necessitated the compromises of the tempered scale. However, suppose Mr. Redfield is right; his position then is that if the harmony of the last century or two is possible only at a cost of harmonic purity, he would rather keep the harmonic purity.

But the attitude of the musician is more realistic. Tovey[2] expresses this attitude when he accepts "the universal law that artistic ideas must be realized, not in spite of, but by means of practical necessities"; and this after pointing out that "there is no art in which the element of practical compromise is so minute and so hard for any but trained scientific observation to observe." Moreover, the choice has already been made, and, as Tovey says, "an intonation which makes nonsense of chords of which every classical composer since Corelli has made excellent sense is a very unjust intonation indeed." In other words, this is old wisdom on what is no longer an issue; and one does not expect anyone demonstrating the practical value of the science of music to attack the tempered scale, or to offer for present adoption a just scale which, with its twelve modes in each of fifteen tonalities, presents the same practical difficulties—for example, of providing keyboard instruments with all the necessary keys—that necessitated abandoning just intonation once before. If it is the modal harmonies Mr. Redfield wants, they are already in use, but with the slight alterations dictated by practical necessities.

Since Mr. Redfield has raised the question again, let it be answered completely. According to Ogden[3] the employment of equal intervals and their multiples is even more primitive and fundamental than the employment of harmonics and their derivatives. The principle is illustrated by the music of Java, in which the octave is divided into equal intervals with the ratio of vibration frequencies 519:596, and melodies are successions of this interval and its multiples, which do not lend themselves to harmony since they do not fuse. Our own chromatic scale of equal temperament is, then, in the first place, as natural as the scale of just intonation; and, in the second place, it is doubly useful in that it introduces into our music the equal intervals that are not found in the harmonic scale, while it preserves the harmonic trends that are not found in the ordinary scale of equal intervals. It must be noted, however, that when Ogden uses the term natural he refers not only to the nature of sound but to the nature of man; that for him the science of music comprises not only physics but physiology, and especially psychology, which brings him nearer to music as a man-made product. One would, therefore, expect his treatment to be better than Mr. Redfield's, and, in fact, it is. It is not so easy to read, but even in style it has one advantage in not having been written for the *American Mercury;* and those who are interested in the subject should not be deterred by a cumbrous prose and none too clear arrangement of material. On the other hand, it does not deal with instruments; and of these Mr. Redfield writes the more valuable part of his book.

B. H. HAGGIN

[2] Encyclopaedia Britannica, article on harmony.

[3] "Hearing." By Robert Morris Ogden. Harcourt, Brace.

A History of the League

The League of Nations: A Chapter in World Politics. By John Spencer Bassett. Longmans, Green and Company. $3.50.

IN the foreword to this volume Professor James T. Shotwell ranks the author as "one who for a whole generation had held his place among the first of American historians." And while this work—the last before the tragic death of Professor Bassett—is in a new field of international history, a field in which the imperfections of race hatred, prejudice, and insincerity still mar the pages of most works dealing with this subject, this narrative is written in a spirit of perfect detachment and with the same scholarly and interpretative style familiar to the reader of his other works.

Briefly stated, it is a history of the League of Nations—including its failures as well as its achievements—from the making of the Covenant, in 1919, to the admission of Germany as a member in September, 1926. After a discussion of the nature and government of the League there follows a description of the administrative machinery and then, in the order of chronological sequence, the actual work of the various sessions of the Council and of the Assembly, but with less—perhaps too little—attention to the Permanent Court of Justice and the International Labor Organization. But since these two organizations constitute a sort of right and left wing of the League which, while connected with the main body, nevertheless function independently, the omission of details concerning them may be justified. The Aaland Island controversy, the Polish-Lithuanian dispute, Upper Silesia and Albania, and the Corfu affair are each treated in a separate chapter in a clear and impartial manner; and the same may be said of the three chapters dealing respectively with the Geneva Protocol, Locarno, and the boundaries of Iraq and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Turkey. In all of these major controversies the author applies the historical method and leaves the reader free to form his own conclusions. Thirty-five pages—the longest chapter in the book—tell of the events leading up to Germany's entrance into the League, and the thirty pages following tell us how the United States remained aloof but gradually came to cooperate unofficially. Perhaps most interesting of all is the final chapter, in which the historian, true to the historical instinct, estimates the work of the League at the end of seven years and cautiously weighs the possibilities of its future.

The author sees the chief defects of the League in the methods followed by the Council, which is "apt to be that of the diplomats who are more interested in coming to a conclusion than in finding a logical basis for the conclusion." Attention is also called to the fact that "the League is in reality governed, not from its seat, but from and by the ministries and parliaments of the states' members of the League." To what extent it may become an independent entity will of necessity determine in a measure its future usefulness, for as long as foreign ministers of the larger states compose the Council and use the League to thwart the "League spirit," it is difficult to see much progress. Will it continue to permit itself to be hampered by France and defied by Italy? Will the question of mandates, clearly within its province, be turned over to the League or will the backward areas continue as pawns in the hands of the great Powers to drive sharp bargains? These are some of the questions which the historian is not ready to answer. He can only bid us wait and see. It would be wrong, however, to give the impression that the author is not in sympathy with the League. In reading this narrative one may see its defects and some of its failures, but those who have little faith in forms and structures may also see in the League a possible agency to enlighten public opinion, to get states to cooperate through the conference method, and to give the small states a hearing in international affairs. If after seven years of observation there is still no reason why the United States should join the League, its history shows that, at least for Europe, it may be the beginning of a new idea, an idea that may bulk large when the present methods of diplomacy shall have become discredited. Who knows but that it may be the beginning of the United States of Europe?

KARL F. GEISER

Matured Grace

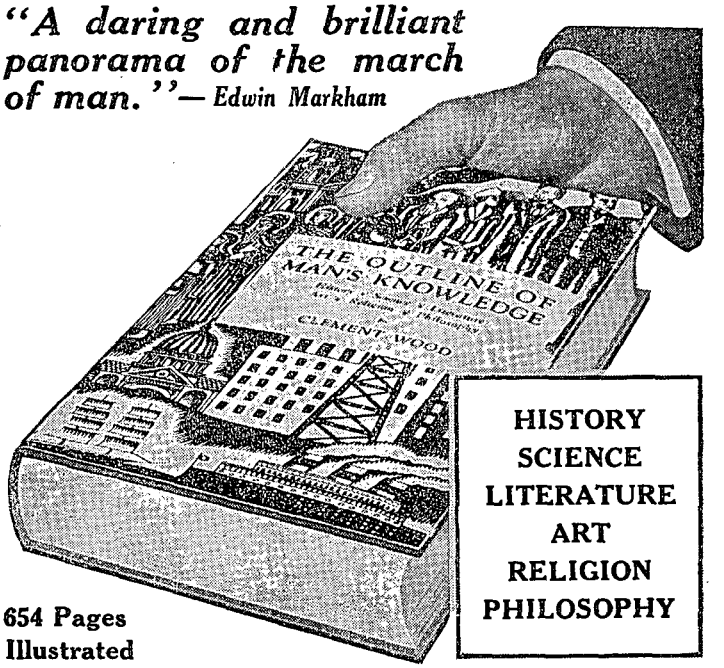
Trivial Breath. By Elinor Wylie. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

"TRIVIAL BREATH" consists of twenty-seven poems, in a book exquisitely designed and printed. Three of these are the well-remembered Puritan's Ballad, Peter and John, and A Strange Story of an earlier period. Their controlled narrative loses none of its distinction by the side of Mrs. Wylie's recent and more personal poetry.

With the first reading of this book one is filled again with the shock and delight of this poet who came into the world, so far as one can see, not only matured but sophisticated in her own sense of excellence. Her preoccupations, her whimsicalities, and the essence she derives from circumstances that would seem in themselves unusual stand forth clearly on the page. Her juxtapositions of earthy and ethereal, of domestic and exotic, of gentle and savage, reappear to charm the mind; deft and inimitable, she divides and characterizes lips, eyes, blood, bone, breast. She is witch-like, she is aristocratic and feminine, she has an uncanny knowledge of words, their perversities, their contrasts and harmonies. She is the most delicate anatomist among contemporary poets.

In spite of its briefness, the volume contains more substance and depth than any of her previous collections of poems. There are few poems here concerned with the decorative or the unreal. There are fewer with the urge of escape toward a

"A daring and brilliant panorama of the march of man."— Edwin Markham



654 Pages
Illustrated

HISTORY
SCIENCE
LITERATURE
ART
RELIGION
PHILOSOPHY

A LIBERAL EDUCATION
IN ONE VOLUME

HERE is a great opportunity to *round out* your education. *At amazingly small cost!* A tremendous book has been written which contains every fact that a cultured man is expected to know. Written in narrative form so that it reads like a thrilling novel. It is the epic story of mankind's progress.

Authorities of the highest standing and leading American newspapers praise and endorse *The Outline of Man's Knowledge* by Clement Wood. Zona Gale says: "I welcome this book as a key to unlock the world to itself." *The Boston Transcript* declares: "Will do much in the way of humanizing knowledge." *The Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph* says: "A university in itself."

Here is the whole magnificent romance of everything that human beings have done and learned and thought since the first man walked upon the earth five million years ago. From the caveman to Lindbergh; from the Tower of Babel to the New York Skyscraper; from the Psalms of David to the Rhapsody in Blue; from the discovery of fire to the discovery of a million stars—every important fact of human achievement is told in all its thrilling wonder in this superb volume.

Send No Money—Read it 5 Days FREE

You have to glance through this amazing book, read parts of it to appreciate its absorbing interest, to realize how very much it can do for you. So that you can see it for yourself, we will send it to you for *5 days' free examination.* Simply send the coupon. Enjoy the book 5 days. Then decide for yourself. You risk nothing. Fill out the coupon now. LEWIS COPELAND CO., Inc., Publishers, 119 West 57th St., New York City.

Lewis Copeland Co., Inc., Dep't 1,
119 West 57th St., New York City.

Kindly send me The Outline of Man's Knowledge, by Clement Wood, 654 pages, illustrated, handsomely bound. Within 5 days I will either return the book or remit $1.50 as first payment and then $2.00 per month for two months, a total of $5.50.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

($5.00 for complete payment within 5 days.)

When writing to advertisers please mention The Nation

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

more preferable reality. Her certitude of being is more profound, and her analysis keener than before. Still developing as a poet, she apparently demands of her talent more solid and synthesized results. She makes glittering pictures with fine words, and here and there builds up a fantastic philosophy and consolation; but as well, she analyzes with an even detachment her sorrow, separation, an unsatisfying perfection, and the failure of the flesh.

Dedication, the first poem in the book, is a description of her early assimilation of language, and the first stanza is lovely in its delicate sensuousness; in this and other poems she very subtly—and justly—incorporates her critique within her own lines. Acknowledging her gratitude to this early event, and her faithfulness to it, she realizes its permanent gift to her:

> In innocent bird, in iridescent music,
> To be my own for all the rest of living.
> Oh, this was nourishment and wine and physic!
> This was a proud extravagance of giving!

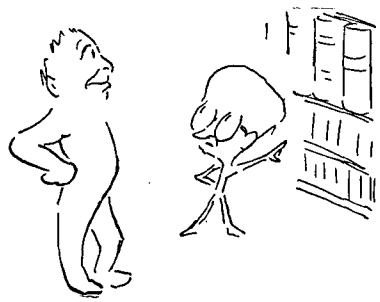
In True Vine, Last Supper, and Tragic Dialogue she achieves excellence with more fugitive subject matter. She uncovers an empty finality in a seemingly Innocent Landscape, and in Minotaur argues in favor of robustness and for a more intense and integrated spirituality. Two or three poems fail from the slightness of the emotion behind them. Miranda's Supper, somewhat difficult to follow and a little false, is the one poem in the book nearest a purely decorative fantasy; still, it contains a line that somehow obtrudes from the rest and will not be forgotten, describing Bonaparte's clock "with the bees worn shabby."

With the impulses of so many of her poems obscured, To a Book, an examination of the creative impulse and its result, and A Red Carpet for Shelley interest me as being near the source of her peculiar magic. A Red Carpet for Shelley, composed of her stated inability to provide a heavenly walk for a clearly ethereal being, tries to project with "ragged syllables" a divine world, juggles with aloof moons and suns, hills and plains, and achieves nothing in the end, and is yet so graceful. In these two poems there are further details of that aesthetic preoccupation that forms the subject of Dedication: a woman's realization of the individual shape and substance of her art, and the purity of her relation toward it. This seems to me the arresting and significant note in her third volume of verse; this, and the sincerity of spiritual dissection that she expresses in Hospes Comesque Corporis, in haunting and beautiful lines:

> And if the heart may split the skin
> Of this intrinsic chrysalis
> To make the ephemeral ghost within
> The fugitive it is:
>
> If even the thinnest raveling bind
> Escape to the abandoned shell:
> The heart must set the hollow mind
> Replying like a bell.
>
> Before division of the suns
> Takes shears to cut a second's thread,
> The mind must tick ecstatic once
> To prove that it is dead.
>
> And the small soul's dissolving ghost
> Must leave a heart-shape in the dust
> Before it is inspired and lost
> In God: I hope it must.

Perhaps she has faults: she is an unsmiling poet, she is sometimes deliberately wilful, her work hints of a baffling inhumanity. There is no doubt that to the majority of minds a poem of hers is hardly likely to assuage a daily grief or to increase a spontaneous happiness. She is too strange to be steadily companionable. But it is a considerable pleasure to have again in her new work a graceful, incisive, and original poet who never wastes a word and seldom errs with one.

HELEN PEARCE



New Republic Dollar Books:

AMERICA SEEN THROUGH GERMAN EYES *by Dr. Arthur Feiler* ← *just out*

BRITAIN'S INDUSTRIAL FUTURE.....*Report of the Liberal industrial inquiry*
POWER CONTROL.....*by Raushenbush and Laidler*
THE RUSSIAN LAND (second printing).....*by Albert Rhys Williams*
PARENTS ON PROBATION.....*by Miriam Van Waters*
THE MEANING OF ADULT EDUCATION.....*by E. C. Lindeman*
TOTEM AND TABOO.....*by Sigmund Freud*
DELUSION AND DREAM.....*by Sigmund Freud*
THE YOUTH MOVEMENT IN CHINA.....*by Tsi C. Wang*
MOTHERS IN INDUSTRY.....*by Gwendolyn Hughes*
ENCAUSTICS.....*by Stark Young*
THE AMERICAN COLLEGE AND ITS RULERS.....*by J. E. Kirkpatrick*
HOMES OF THE FREED.....*by Rossa B. Cooley*
LAISSEZ-FAIRE AND COMMUNISM.....*by John Maynard Keynes*
CONCERNING PARENTS.....*A Symposium*
OUR ENEMY THE CHILD.....*by Agnes DeLima*
YOUTH IN CONFLICT.....*by Miriam Van Waters*
SOCIAL DISCOVERY.....*by E. C. Lindeman*
THE CHILD, THE CLINIC, AND THE COURT...*introduction by Jane Addams*
EDUCATION, THE MACHINE AND THE WORKER.....*by Horace M. Kallen*
THE SUPREME COURT AND MINIMUM WAGE LEGISLATION *edited with introduction by Roscoe Pound*
THE STORY OF TEAPOT DOME.....*by M. E. Ravage*
THE LABOR SPY.....*by Sidney Howard and Robert Dunn*

The New Republic till after election—
newsstand value—..... $2.70
Any New Republic book..... 1.00
$3.70 } **$2**

The New Republic for a year..... $5.00
Any 2 New Republic books..... 2.00
$7.00 } **$5**

THE NEW REPUBLIC, 421 WEST 21st STREET, NEW YORK

Check for $..... enclosed. Send magazine and

books ..... to

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

IN FULL..... N 8-22

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books in Brief

The Songs of Paul Dresser. With an Introduction by His Brother, Theodore Dreiser. Boni and Liveright. $3.50.

Here are the words and music of fifty-eight badly tarnished songs by an exceedingly sentimental man who yet possessed the power of touching, as they used to say, the heart. If the author of "On the Banks of the Wabash" is on the way to being forgotten, Paul Dresser himself is likely to live for a good while not only in the introduction to the present volume but in Mr. Dreiser's book "Twelve Men," where he is one of the twelve.

The Living Bible: Being the Whole Bible in its Fewest Words. Edited from the King James Version by Bolton Hall. Revised by Alfred Berthelot. Alfred A. Knopf. $6.

This abridged Bible omits "repetitions, ceremonial details, most genealogies, land boundaries, and matter that is no longer of general interest," and comes out only one-third as long as the original. The work of condensation has been done with evident care, though Mr. Hall will find that there is no general agreement as to which portions of the Bible are "no longer of general interest." It was perhaps not wise to save only the more famous lines out of certain Psalms; but the genealogies will not be missed by most readers, and all of the important narratives seem to have been kept.

An Elizabethan Storybook. Famous Tales from The Palace of Pleasure. Selected and Arranged with an Introduction by Peter Haworth. Longmans, Green and Company. $2.

The sources of "All's Well That Ends Well," "Romeo and Juliet," "Coriolanus," "The Duchess of Malfi," and other Elizabethan plays are here conveniently reprinted from William Painter's famous collection.

Nova Francia. By Marc Lescarbot. Translated by Pierre Erondelle, 1609. Harper and Brothers. $4.

In July, 1606, Marc Lescarbot landed at Port Royal in Acadia, now Annapolis Royal in Nova Scotia, and the northern settlements in America received their first literary artist, poet, and dramatist. He had read for the law in Paris, but found lawsuits "the bane of man's existence," and when one of his clients asked him to go out to the new settlement in America he decided to go, induced "by his desire to flee a corrupt world and to examine this land with his own eyes." In 1607 he returned and in the Easter vacation of 1608 he began his history of New France. While in Port Royal he had done much to enliven pioneer life in that very fortunate and happy early community. He assisted in the foundation and activities of the Order of Good Cheer, surely the first American fraternal organization, which existed to make a ceremony and a pleasure of a fortnightly feast and merry-making. He went further, and on the occasion of his patron's return to the settlement wrote a pageant in verse, "The Theater of Neptune," which was performed on the shore and was the first theatrical presentation in North America north of the Spanish settlements. The volume under review does not contain the play, and even in the admirable edition of Lescarbot produced by the Champlain Society (Toronto, 1907-1914) it is left in French, but the interested will find a remarkably successful translation by Mrs. H. T. Richardson, published by Houghton Mifflin last year. This Broadway Travelers edition is the flavorful contemporary translation made by Pierre Erondelle at the instance of Richard Hakluyt and is what might be expected of a man like Lescarbot—a humane, inquisitive, entertaining, and lively account of his adventures, of the lands he saw, and of the inhabitants of them. The translation, while not so accurate as Dr. Grant's for the Champlain Society, has the winsome quality of John Florio—Elizabethan English describing adventures congenial to Elizabethans.

The Architect of the Roman Empire. By T. Rice Holmes. The Oxford University Press. $5.

Since histories of the Roman Republic usually end with the death of Caesar, and those of the empire begin with the principate of Augustus, the intervening seventeen years of political confusion—in which expert guidance is especially required—seldom receive due attention. This is the very period that Mr. Holmes has now studied. As he has proved in other volumes he is somewhat old-fashioned in his devotion to political and military history, but we may forgive this failing here since the destiny of the state was determined during these years by ambitious men manipulating armies. The author has once more proved his reliable scholarship by sifting the elusive sources in a convincing manner and his sound judgment by cogently criticizing the numerous hypotheses of tendential monographs. His customary vivacity has a chance to spend its energy in the barbed footnotes directed against the vagaries of Ferrero without prejudice to the well-proportioned narrative. The volume promises to be a standard work in its field for many a day.

Jealous of Dead Leaves. Selected Verse of Shaemas O'Sheel. Boni and Liveright. $2.

Mr. O'Sheel is well known to all readers of Irish and American anthologies for his two poems He Whom a Dream Hath Possessed and They Went Forth to Battle but They Always Fell. The present selection from and revision of the two volumes which he published a number of years ago will therefore be welcome to those who collect the contemporary poets. Such readers will find several poems here that are demonstrably as good as the two mentioned above; and in general they will find a lyrist of free and delicate character.

The Grub-Street Journal. By James T. Hillhouse. Duke University Press. $3.

A useful description, digest, and bibliography of the now almost inaccessible paper which ran in Alexander Pope's time between 1730 and 1737, and the connection of which with Pope —a complicated matter—Mr. Hillhouse here helps to make clear.

THEATERS

THE THEATRE GUILD *Presents*

"PORGY" REPUBLIC THEATRE, W. 42nd St. Matinees Wed. and Sat.

JOHN GOLDEN Theatre, 58th St., East of Broadway Dinner intermission Eves. only at 5:30

Eugene O'Neill's

"STRANGE INTERLUDE"

THEATRE GUILD ACTING CO. *in*

ALL THIS WEEK AND EVERY WEEK THEREAFTER

"VOLPONE"

GUILD THEATRE, WEST 52nd STREET Matinees Thursday and Saturday

THE ACTOR MANAGERS present

GRAND STREET FOLLIES OF 1928

BOOTH THEATRE 45th Street, West of Broadway Eves. 8:30. Mats. Tues. (Pop.) & Thurs.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

International Relations Section

Soviet Health

By MARY REED

BEFORE the Revolution competent medical care in Russia was a luxury beyond the reach of the workers and peasants. Efforts to improve the sanitary conditions of the workers were bitterly opposed, and hygiene lecturers were arrested. Millions of peasants in outlying districts were without any medical aid. Others were at the mercy of "unqualified" doctors, that is, men who after a short term at the front as assistants to army doctors had returned to their home districts with a smattering of medical knowledge, which they exploited to the extent of making a living. Free maternity care was unknown, and the midwives who served the working-class women were for the most part ignorant and unsanitary. Icons and superstition played a leading part in the treatment of the sick. And there was much sickness because of the unsanitary living conditions—drainage systems were confined to the centers of the large cities—and because of the overwhelming ignorance on the part of most people of the elementary principles of hygiene.

In building a strong workers' republic the health of the workers became paramount. The following principles were formulated: Free medical care for all; qualified doctors; and prevention of illness. This was a gigantic task and Russia was a poor country. The first step was nationalization, unifying all branches of medicine. The next step was to make medicine accessible to the people. This involved a vast new structure of divisions and subdivisions, establishment of local hospitals and clinics, and training of doctors and nurses. But this structure, however fully perfected, could not function effectively by itself. It must be closely linked with industry, housing, city planning, education, and social legislation.

In Russia there are special health committees in the offices and factories which cooperate in the work of the clinics. These factory committees are part of the trade-union structure, but are all coordinated under district committees appointed by the Narkomsdraf, which is the central health organ of the Soviet Government. The Narkomsdraf officially controls all work related to health—the training and organization of doctors, the establishment of research institutes, clinics, hospitals, drug stores, etc., and the organization of physical-culture work and health education. In carrying out this work it is dependent upon the support of the trade unions.

For instance, a worker is examined in a clinic, and one or more of the following adjustments is found necessary: Different working conditions, different living conditions, physical culture, education in personal hygiene, special diet, special treatment or sanitarium care. Different working conditions may involve more light, more air, or more hygienic surroundings, and thus the basis is formed for the work of the trade unions in improving labor conditions. If his work is not adapted to his special needs, he may be transferred by the union to another job. If he needs better living quarters, the cooperative housing schemes worked out by the trade unions make it possible for him to obtain a better room. Some form of physical culture may be advocated by the clinic. (The physical need of the worker, not the desire for a strong team, is made the basis of athletics.) Under the cultural department of the trade union there is a physical-culture section, which is a very important part of trade-union work. Already three and a half million men and women are in organized sports in the USSR. For education in personal hygiene there are classes in the trade-union clubs, health books and pamphlets in the club libraries, and colorful health posters at every turn. In connection with the clinics special diet restaurants have been established where workers can eat food balanced according to their requirements. In the clinics, modern methods of physiotherapy—special baths, sun-light lamps, electrical massage, X-ray—are applied. If the worker is not well enough to work, arrangements can be made through the trade union to have him sent to a sanitarium. For cases which merely require special care "night sanitariums" have been established. Here the worker goes after work, bathes, gets fresh clothing, suitable food, any treatment necessary, and a good night's sleep. More night sanitariums are being built as fast as funds allow, as they have proved valuable not only in improving the health of the workers who go there, but in raising their standards of personal hygiene and teaching them to live in such a way that further treatment is unnecessary.

Preventive work has given rise in Russia to what are known as "sanitary doctors." While the regular doctors are concerned with individuals, the sanitary doctors are concerned chiefly with conditions. There are now over 1,200 sanitary doctors in the RSFSR alone. They have various functions. Food specialists advise on pure-food-law requirements, supervise research and education in food values, and plan the type of meals served in factories, offices, and schools. Then there are "communal" doctors, who control the sanitary construction of buildings, the layout of parks, etc. There are epidemic specialists, whose work is most important because of the widespread epidemics that have always existed in Russia. The maternity work, which since the Revolution has put Russia foremost among the countries of the world in its free care of mothers and infants, is planned by experts in that field. Special doctors map out the health work for the schools, and organize committees of parents, teachers, and pupils for promoting the health of the children. Physical culture experts control the laying out of sport grounds, study the effects of various forms of athletics on the individual, and plan the sport work generally.

The institutes which have been established by the Narkomsdraf are doing a most important work. There is at least one bacteriological institute in every state, and many in the cities. In Moscow alone nearly thirty institutes for research exist in various fields of medicine. A tropical institute studies such diseases as malaria, which developed in widespread epidemics following the war. There is also a tuberculosis institute, an institute for the study of venereal diseases, one for maternity, one for physical culture, and many more. These institutes serve as a training-ground for specialists and as educational agencies for making the best knowledge available on these subjects accessible to the people. It is the sanitary doctors who form the connecting link between these institutes and the workers, and who

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

formulate methods for the practical application of this knowledge.

Health work starts with pre-natal care. Working mothers receive two months' vacation before and after childbirth, free care and extra allowance for the baby's food and clothing. There were in the USSR in January, 1927, 864 day nurseries in the cities and 4,052 in the villages. In the last three years 3,000 summer day nurseries have been established for peasant mothers during the harvest season. The education of mothers is being carried out on a vast scale through local clinics; women's clinics are increasing at the rate of 100 a year. Before the Revolution infant care for the most part consisted in baby homes for foundlings and babies whose parents were too poor to keep them. These were popularly known as "angel factories" because of the appalling high death-rate, which often rose to more than 90 per cent.

Next, the work in the schools. School-children are required to have health passports and physical examinations twice a year. So far 57 special clinics for children and adolescents have been established in RSFSR, where examinations are made by specialists in eye, ear, nose, throat, nervous troubles, etc., and where the most suitable form of physical culture is advised. Treatment is then carried out under the supervision of the school doctor. Medical work with children is closely allied with child psychology. Special diet rooms have been established for individual needs. Country schools are being established where children who need it may have sanitarium care and keep on with their school work. So far, 75 of these are in operation in RSFSR. There are 26 day sanitariums, 24 sanitariums for children with nervous troubles, and many special sanitariums. For instance, in the Crimea a well-equipped sanitarium is devoted exclusively to bone tubercular cases, taking advantage of the peculiarly curative effects of the sun rays in that region. Each of the children's clinics has a playground and equipment for sun and air baths, and serves as an educational agency for training children in the fundamental principles of health.

For adult workers a system of passports and semi-annual examinations has been introduced. Clinical work is being extended as fast as funds allow. In December, 1925, a decree was issued planning the local organization of health centers. This plan requires each volost to have a hospital, a general clinic, a maternity clinic, a baby clinic, and consultation service for women on infant care, personal hygiene, and birth control. Large hospitals have been and are being built in the factory districts. Special clinics did not exist before the war. There are now 250 tuberculosis clinics in RSFSR, as many typhus emergency hospitals, 130 malaria clinics, etc. In the last three years similar clinics have been established for venereal diseases, and already 159 are in operation. In addition there are 144 smaller stations in the villages, with one doctor and one nurse on duty. Narcotic clinics have been opened in the big cities for alcohol and drug addicts. In these clinics the hypnosis method is being successfully used.

Throughout the USSR country estates of Czarist days have been turned into rest homes and sanitariums. In 1926 350,000 workers were taken care of in sanitariums and 600,000 in rest homes. In the Ukraine a majority of all workers in the last two years have been sent to such estates. This work was started by the Narkomsdraf and subsidized by the government, but for the last three years these places

"Yours for Personal Advancement!"

EDUCATIONAL TOUR *of* EUROPE

A combined Study Tour and Sightseeing Trip under the auspices of the

POCONO PEOPLES COLLEGE

90 days of fruitful education and pleasure—(not purposeless wandering)—without the prerequisites of regular college entrance.

Leaving New York September 1st

and returning Dec. 1st by fast Holland-America Liner

• • • •

Tour includes A MONTH at the International Peoples College in Elsinore, Denmark: 2 WEEKS at a similar International cultural institution in Lund, Sweden; and sightseeing opportunities in London, Berlin, Leipzig, Heidelberg, Stuttgart, Cologne, Paris and many other highly interesting places.

RUSSIA, too, at slight additional cost

All in all, a tour that will prove to be one of the most outstanding events—for benefits derived—in the average lifetime. INFORMATIVE BULLETIN ON REQUEST.

POCONO COLLEGE TOUR COMMITTEE

100 Fifth Avenue, Room 1015 — NEW YORK, Tel. CHElsea 5124

AN ESSAY ON HASHEESH

Historical and Experimental

By VICTOR ROBINSON, Ph. C., M. D.

Author of Pathfinders in Medicine, The Don Quixote of Psychiatry, The Life of Jacob Henle, Pioneers of Birth Control; Editor of Medical Life.

Upon its first publication, the author of this treatise was hailed in the medical circles of this country and abroad as "The American DeQuincey." He has done for Cannabis Indica what DeQuincey accomplished for opium. For scientific accuracy and research, for oriental imagery, for brilliance of language, this hasheesh monograph is an unequalled classic. The experimental data are remarkable. Since hasheesh is no longer obtainable by the public, it need not be feared that the perusal of this study will give rise to "hasheesh clubs."

The present edition contains a most delightful preface by the author.

Cloth bound and printed in best Vail-Ballou style.

ONE DOLLAR, postpaid.

THE MAIL ORDER BOOKERY

BOX 94, ISLAND PARK, N. Y.

When writing to advertisers please mention The Nation

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have been running at a profit, which is being devoted to improving the equipment and for further construction. Up-to-date sanitariums are needed for extreme cases, and plans are under way for vacation camps for workers who do not require special care to be run at the low rate of from 40 to 50 rubles a month. In case of sickness the expense is covered by the social insurance funds of the trade unions—12 to 14 per cent of each worker's salary, paid by the management.

These sanitariums and rest homes are a picturesque phase of the work of the Soviet Government. Once forbidden parks, reserves, and estates are now overrun by troops of bare-legged, bare-armed workers. The haunts of the great of yesterday have become the playground of the great of today. Palaces where 5 to 20 persons lived with 50 to 100 servants and caretakers now accommodate 50 to 100 workers with 5 to 20 persons for the upkeep. Usually gardeners from the old regime have stayed on, and the estates are kept up to the standard of their former beauty. And many are the tales these men can tell of the life that was. "Ceychass luche" (things are better now) is a frequent commentary.

Perhaps the most interesting of these sanitariums is Livadia in the Crimea. This was formerly the Czar's palace, in a mountain forest of cypress and oak trees on the shores of the Black Sea. It is a masterpiece of workmanship, with its columns of pure marble, its intricately carved marble decorations, paneled woodwork, and golden-domed chapel. It is also an interesting example of the artistic expression of the time. For instance, in the Czar's private apartment is a large and elaborate bathroom with three huge paintings on the wall. One represents a terrific monster, symbolizing the revolution of 1905, with the heroic giant of imperialism cutting off its head; the second is a naked lady; and the third is a still life. This palace is now used as a sanitarium for tubercular peasants from all over Russia. I spoke with one who had come 6,000 versts. It accommodates 400 at a time and is open all the year, taking care of more than 1,500 peasants annually, about 20 per cent of them women. It has a clinic equipped with the most up-to-date devices for treatment.

But rebuilding the health of the peasants is only a part of its work. Classes are held in all subjects of interest to the peasant—land laws, agronomy, veterinology, hygiene, political questions; a class trains newspaper correspondents on peasant problems, and a little class is held to teach reading and writing to the few illiterate who are left. Various other activities are popular; the dramatic club, and music, with instruments supplied by the sanitarium. The peasants go back to the land not only physically stronger, but better equipped to understand and intelligently deal with the problems that confront them in their work and in their relation to the state as a whole.

It is a rule of Soviet medicine that every doctor shall be a teacher as well as a healer. Through lectures and pamphlets to some extent, but more through exhibitions, movies, and excellent posters, the important facts of health and hygiene are rapidly being made common property. The effects can perhaps best be noted by an appreciable change in the traditional aversion of the Russian people to fresh air. There are still large sections of the population that have been little touched by the work of the Narkomsdraf. But the foundation has been laid in the Soviet Republics for the greatest health structure that the world has known.

Before they're through with this fine pretty man-made world of ours—

YOU'LL know it!—and so will your children—and your children's children!

DO you know that the organized women of America run into the millions?

DO you know how many organizations right now are quietly at work, striving with every resource at their command to effect programs of reform or social service, which, in one way or another, are bound to affect us all?

REMEMBER the organized women of America gave us Prohibition!

REMEMBER they have only begun to feel their strength!

IN THE

Year Book and Directory

OF THE NATIONAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN OF THE UNITED STATES, INC.

the story of the organized women of America is told. There you'll find not only the record of yesterday's achievements, but the promise of tomorrow's; not only what they have done, but what *they mean to do.*

Reference Work—Directory—History

You need this book to really know the world you live in—and the world *you will live in*—tomorrow.

240 pages, large readable type, complete index

Order your copy today

$2 Postpaid

DEPARTMENT N,
NATIONAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN,
370 Seventh Avenue,
New York City.

For the enclosed $....., please send me

..... copies of the YEAR BOOK AND DIRECTORY.

Name .....

Address .....

Nat.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED